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Christmas.

The bells which ushor in that morn,
Have ever drawn my mind away
To Bethlehem, where Christ was born,
And the low stable where He lay,
In which the large-eyed oxen fed;
To Mary bowing low her head,
And looking down with love sincere,
Such thoughts bring Christmas once a year.

At early day the youthful voice,
Heard singing on from door to door
Makes the desponding heart rejoice,
To know the children of the poor
For once are happy all day long;
We smile and listen to the song,
The burthen still remote or near,
"Old Christmas comes but once a year."

Upon a gayer, happier scene,
Never did holly berries peer,
Or ivy throw its trailing green.
On brighter forms than there are here,
Nor Christmas in his old arm-chair
Smile upon lips and brows more fair:
Then let us sing amid our cheer,
Old Christmas still comes once a year.

Annie and Willie's Prayer.

BY MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good-night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unasked than ever before;
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such creature as "Santa Claus" had ever been,
And he hoped, after this, he should nevermore hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their pert, downy beds,

Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten,
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is 'ou fast asleep?"
"Why, no, brother, Willie," a sweet voice replies,
I've tried long in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he comes every year before mamma died;
But then, I've been thinking, that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything that mamma would say,
And maybe she asked him to send Santa Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why can't we pray just as mamma did den,
And ask Dod to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too," and without a word more.
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.

Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe,
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then."

"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea set, and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring.
Bless Papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us as much as does he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."

"Please, Deaus, et Santa Taus tum down to-night.
And bing us some presents before it's light;
I want he should div me a nice little sled,
With bright shinin unners, and all painted red?
A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy,
Amen, and then, Deaus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended they raised up their heads,
And, with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes,
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent;
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;
But just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;
His Annie's "Bless papa" drew forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears;
"Strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh."
"I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."

Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street—
A millionaire, facing the cold, driving sleet,
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load
With Aunt Mary's help in the nursery was stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled, in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if guiding ready made presents to drop,
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid,
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year,
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before.
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent. more!
Hereafter, I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve.
So thinking he gently extinguished the light,
And, tripping down stairs, retired for the night.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried, in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see,
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night.
(Just the things they wanted,) and left before light;
"And now," added Annie, in voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know."
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer,
"Den we dot up and prayed dust as well as we could,
And Dod answered our prayers; now wasn't he dood?"

"I should say that he was if he sent you all these,
And knew that what presents my children would please."
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.)

Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you his agent to answer their prayers.

Ladies who have just returned from abroad report that large paniers have gone entirely out of fashion, and overskirts are made short and plain. They also report that the latest style of dressing the hair is in a simple coil at the back, and the front hair smoothed over the forehead and put back plainly behind the ears.

Returns received at the Agricultural Bureau indicate that the cotton crop will yield three and one-third million bales.

THE MYSTERY OF DETCHINGLEY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Go to Detchingley for the Christmas! away from my happy home—away in the distant North! I do not suppose I looked pleased at this proposal of my father's, which he announced to me at the breakfast table one November morning, but notwithstanding my prejudices, as Aunt Dorothy, the presiding genius of Detchingley was my mother's beloved sister, it was only a few days after that I had said good-bye to the dear old home circle, and was traveling rapidly northwards, through the falling leaves and the fading flowers of the dying year.

Aunt Dorothy came out into the great hall to meet me as I alighted from the carriage, and my heart turned towards her with a loyal love.

"You have another aunt, you know, Edie, dear," she said. "Come, now, and see her."

Aunt Myra Westwood sat all alone by the great log fire in the drawing-room. I saw at once that Aunt Myra was not a pretty woman, nor aught that is beautiful or lovely; but coldly, defiantly handsome; and the quick eye of youth told me that there was a mystery about her, and that we should not be good friends until it was unraveled.

I do not suppose I shall ever forget my first evening at Detchingley—the small dinner party of three ladies; the quaint, dark, wainscoted dining-room; the quainter and darker family portraits hanging round us on the walls, like mutes at a funeral; the metallic voice of Aunt Myra falling echoless on my ear, and the sweet, tremulous one of Aunt Dorothy, like notes of the dear home music. I was very glad when we rose to go into the drawing-room. As we were crossing the hall, just by the foot of the stairs, I noticed both ladies glance quickly and most uneasily up them. I followed their glance, but the only thing that attracted my attention was a portrait—the full-length portrait of a lady in a carved oaken frame—a yearning, wistful face, shadowed by rich, soft, hair, and lighted by eyes that had a story in them.

"Isn't it a family portrait?" I asked, "or only an ideal subject?"

I appealed to Aunt Myra. "Ideal you will find it, Edith, in every sense," she replied, but there was something in her tone, something in the way in which she covered her eyes with her hands as if she would shut out the picture from their gaze, that for an instant startled me, but I only replied.

"It is a very wonderful, beautiful painting. I should love Uncle Charles to see it."

The tangled netting at this moment fell from Aunt Dorothy's nervous fingers, and she sprang before me towards her sister; for the cold, white hand had fallen pulseless to that lady's side. Aunt Myra had fainted.

Aunt Dorothy turned suddenly on me—suddenly, almost sharply, it seemed to me, and said: "You must be tired, Edith, with your long journey—come to bed now, child."

I slept very little that night, and many, many times wished myself home again.

Three or four days passed away very monotonously. I devoted myself to Aunt Dorothy, but I shrank intuitively from Aunt Myra. I felt that she repelled me—only endured my presence because I gave pleasure to her sister Dorothy. My mother had made me a little acquainted with her family history. I knew she was what is called "well-born;" but that she had descended from such an ancient line as the names recorded on the old church walls told me she had, was quite unknown to me.

I left Detchingley church that Sunday afternoon under the impression that I had been sojourning for a brief while in a vast charnel-house of the family of Westwood; for almost numberless, it appeared to me, were the tablets, scrolls, and "storied urns" whereon were traced the names of my mother's ancestors.

As I walked slowly along, a white marble cross, rising from among the green mounds, attracted my attention. I read upon it:

"TO THE MEMORY OF
KATHARINE WESTWOOD,
Who departed this life, Dec. 24th, 18—,
AGED 20 YEARS."

A Westwood lying out in the open graveyard! Was there no room in the church for this young girl to sleep beneath the dust-covered banners and rusty armor? My mind was dwelling on the discovery I had just made. It was only natural that I should turn to my companion and say:

"Who was Katharine Westwood?"

Short and prompt was the answer I received:

"Your uncle Charles's wife."

I literally stood still with astonishment.

"How very strange," I observed—"I never knew Uncle Charles had been married at all."

"That is a proof, Edith," replied Aunt Myra, "that your mother did not think you sufficiently judicious to be entrusted with the knowledge. It shows great wisdom on her part; she has judged of you as I do."

"Aunt Dorothy," I said to her, as she was about to leave my room that evening, "why have I not heard of Uncle Charles's wife was married?"

"There are some natures, Edie," replied Aunt Dorothy, slowly, "that never can endure to hear their great sorrows talked about. Your Uncle Charles has such a nature, Edith. He loved his wife so devotedly, and cherishes her memory so even at this time, that his family never speak of her to save him the pangs which mention of her would call forth.

I was quite by myself one bright, wintry morning, and was making my way home through the church-yard, when a respectable-looking old woman, standing by the grave with the marble cross, caught my attention. It was a kind, good face, motherly and soft, and it seemed to me that she looked lovingly down on the green turf, and was caressing with one hand the polished surface of the white marble.

"I knew her, my dear young lady!" she exclaimed; "nearly all her life I knew her. She was just a poor young thing, left without any parents when quite a baby; and she was sent to the Hall to be taken care of. Mr. Westwood—the father of the ladies there now, miss—was her guardian; and when she was about seventeen, Mr. Charles who was a cousin of the family, and who, they all hoped, would marry Miss Myra Westwood, came down to stay at the Hall, and fell in love with my Katharine, and married her, and took her off to where his regiment was for two years. And then he was sent away to some foreign place, where there was fighting going on, so he could not take his wife with him; and she came down to live at the Hall again with the ladies. But she was ill and weakly like, poor dear—fretting after him, I suppose. So they took her off to France, somewhere; but she soon died, and then they brought her back here in her coffin; but she wasn't buried at once, miss.

I wanted to ask more—to learn all that the woman knew, but just then Aunt Myra came along, and in her cold, distant way took my arm and we went home.

That evening as I groped my way to my room, the lamp not being lighted, I made a discovery—the recess between two of the portraits was not a recess, but a door, and the door was open, only just a little way, and behind it was a dim sort of light which glimmered on to the landing. My "vulgar curiosity," as Aunt Myra would doubtless have termed my very natural desire to know more on the subject, prompted me to push the door a little further open, and look in. Just then I heard the firm, unmistakable footsteps of Aunt Myra coming from her room above. Slow and measured it seemed at first, then suddenly became quicker; and, from my gloomy position on the lowest stair, I could see her hasten across the landing, looking quickly and furtively around her as she went, and disappear in the recess. I heard no door close, but the faint, dim light faded instantaneously; and in the silence and darkness I made my way to my room.

On entering, my heart seemed to cease beating—for there by the fire sat a woman, her face partly hidden from me by the long brown hair that fell over it. The closing of the door had startled her. She half rose from her chair; then appeared to be reassured in some way, and sat down again. Frightened as I was—terror-struck, I may say—as I stood in the shadows, and watched the firelight flicker over the pale, beautiful face, the thought stole into my mind instantly that the face before me was the exact counterpart of the picture hanging in the hall, and which had so attracted my attention. I went a few steps nearer. I made up a mighty mind, and opened my mouth to speak. The bright, wonderful eyes were fixed on me as I did so. But I heard no sound issue from my lips, though they tried to form the words:

"Who are you?"

The face smiled—looked into the fire—pushed away with both hands its long, shadowy hair—then rose from the chair, and came a step nearer to me as it uttered these terrible words:

"I am buried in Detchingley churchyard."

Well, I suppose I shuddered, and turned white, and felt as any other young girl under the same circumstances might have done; but I do not remember anything distinctly, except shivering very much over a fireless grate, and wondering how it was that I was found lying senseless on the hearthrug.

Time stole on; a fortnight had passed away; it wanted just a week to Christmas, but the strange face had not yet reappeared. I had not been inactive all this time, for I had most perseveringly attacked daily the door in the recess, but it never once yielded to my efforts, and I was almost beginning to despair of accomplishing the work I had laid out for myself.

One intolerable dull day I proposed solacing myself with a little music, and was about to commence; but, hearing my amiable relative mutter something about being "bored," and "that horrid march," I thought it as well to spare her the infliction. I remember she informed me that night, before going to bed, that my uncle Charles was expected to arrive the following Thursday—Christmas Eve—and that it was proposed that I should return to town with him after his short visit of two or three days was concluded. Both pieces of intelligence gave more real pleasure than I cared to express.

That night I had fallen into my first sleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a soft, warm hand being laid on mine.

"Yes, Aunt Dorothy," I said, starting up, and endeavoring to look extremely intelligent, at the same time being awkardly sensible that I felt uncommonly stupid.

But the voice that replied to me was not Aunt Dorothy's.

"I was married once," it said, in a low murmur, "a long time ago now—when I was alive. And in the church, that day, they played as you did to-night. But it was on the organ, you know—the organ in the great church in the valley. But I am buried now—buried in Detchingley churchyard. Myra said it would be better for *him* if I died. He would be rich, and great, and grand; and people would love and honor him. It was I only that kept him back—because I was poor and not clever."

I knew all now; there was no Katherine Westwood in the churchyard—no one at all in that grave!

Christmas morning at Detchingley. It had been my intention to meet my Uncle Charles at the station, to prepare him for the strange announcement; but, on reflection, it occurred to me that he would not allow me to accompany him to the grave; therefore, I resolved he should have no opportunity of refusing me, and so would meet him. Thus I came upon him just as he was entering the churchyard gate. I saw he was surprised, and not altogether pleased; but he greeted me affectionately, and as he walked by my side up the narrow-paved pathway, he remarked that I did not look well. We had just reached the marble cross, and the difficulty of my undertaking rose before me in all its magnitude; viewed from a distance, it had not appeared formidable. I stood still, resolved to enter on the subject at once, and said: "I am not very well, Uncle Charles. I have something on my mind that I ought to tell you about. I could not speak of it at the Hall, so have come here to do so."

He frowned, and looked annoyed, muttering something about: "Would not another time do as well?"

"No, not as well," I made answer. "This is the only right time, and the only right place, Uncle Charles. You must listen to me"—for he was turning angrily away, "I would not intrude on your sorrow if I could not lighten it—"

"Lighten it, child!" he interrupted me by saying. "Do you know what the sorrow is that you speak of 'lightening?' Can you bring the dead back to life, or brighten the gloom of ten long years? Can you tell that cold, dark grave to give me back my young wife?"

It was my turn to interrupt now.

"Yes, yes, I can, Uncle Charles. That is what I have to tell you."

Sternly he looked at me as he firmly grasped my arm, and drew me from the grave on to the pathway.

"This gloomy place has weakened your mind, Edith—it is only charity to think so."

"Oh, Uncle Charles, if you could but believe that what I say is real and true! There is no one in that grave—never has been. A terrible deceit has been practised upon you all these years, and since my visit here I have discovered it. Ask Aunt Dorothy, she will tell you what I have."

There was a dead silence when I ceased speaking, that seemed to last a long time. Anxiously I waited for a response; but none came. He stood with his face averted at first; then turned suddenly on me, and said: "Come, come—quick!"

We had reached the Hall; we were in the drawing-room. Uncle Charles folded his arms on the mantelpiece, and leant his face upon them; then said, almost in a voice of command—"Fetch your aunt Myra, Edith; tell her I am here."

"I can't Uncle Charles—I can't indeed," but he only repeated his words in a still sterner tone.

And then I went—but not to fetch Aunt Myra. I went straight to my own room—for the dusk of the early evening was closing in rapidly, and that was the accustomed time for the strange woman to meet me. She was there, standing by one of the windows, as I entered; and greeted me with these words—"This is Christmas Eve. I died on Christmas Eve."

"That is gone by," I replied. "You are dead no longer. Come now, with me"

I slid by hand into one of hers, and led her to the drawing-room; only saying, as I closed the door on her, to my uncle Charles—"Remember, to-day you have come back to life."

Then I rapidly returned up-stairs; but this time I made way to Aunt Dorothy's room. I knocked; no reply. I entered the room; it was tenantless. She would be with Aunt Myra, I naturally thought; so turned my footsteps that way, I softly tapped, but softer still was the low voice that replied—though its tones were firm and concentrated—"Come in, Edith."

I went in. I closed the door behind me, and then I shivered. I don't know why I did so—the room was not cold; and Aunt Myra was lying on the bed, with her chin resting on the clasped hands, and her face turned to the fading light. Sculptured from a block of marble she might have been, for aught of life that was visible in the proud, majestic form.

"Come closer to me, Edie, child," said Aunt Dorothy, with a sort of wail in her voice; "for I am alone in the world—quite alone. I mean, Edie, there is no one now to whom my love is necessary."

I understood what she meant. I went up to her by the bedside, and took her in my arms, pressing the dear face, with its down-falling tears, close to mine.

"Oh, Aunt Dorothy, what have I done?"

"Right, child," she said in a stern, cold voice, strange to her, and startling to me.

And then we were quiet for some time, until Aunt Dorothy spoke again.

"It was as I feared, Edith. Gradually as the truth broke upon her, the shock was too much; but she died as she lived—to herself. She made no sign, uttered no word; only lay down and died. One yearning cry for pardon, one word of sorrow for the sad bitter past never passed her lips; and now her trial time is over, and she has entered on the never-ending life. Whether it was woman's jealousy—for if she ever loved a human being it was your Uncle Charles—or family pride, which has been the curse of her existence, that induced her to act the cruel part she has, I cannot say. She has passed beyond human judgment. We must leave the creature with its Creator, Edith; for to Him alone we either stand or fall."

"Oh, Aunt Dorothy, if she should find no pardon! and I have hurried her there!"

"Hush, hush, child! It is not for us to limit the mercy of Heaven."

And then we sat together a long time silent, with our arms clasped round each other, in the dark, solemn room.

I have been a woman ever since that Christmas Eve at Detchingly. It was the turning point in my life—it made me discover the true mission of woman upon earth; to bring comfort and peace into the aching, weary hearts of our fellow-creatures. Katharine Westwood, with the love light softening the mild, wonderful beauty of her eyes, told me this as we all sat together in the drawing-room, when the evening lamps were lighted; Uncle Charles, with a gladness in his voice I had never heard before, told me the same; and Aunt Dorothy, dear Aunt Dorothy, as she stood by my side in the great hall, listening to the Christmas bells ringing their joy-toned message over mountain and valley, Aunt Dorothy whispered—"The angels—the angels—Edie, that spoke so long ago to troubled hearts, they are speaking to us, child, now—the same words. Let us listen—and learn!"

The New Year.

"We take no note of time but from its loss." The years come and go, and we mark their commencement and their termination, the one following hard upon the other. Whether we have been immersed in cares and duties, or whether we have experienced vivid pleasures, or whether the time has passed so quietly that we have taken but little notice of its flight, we have yet gone once more through the round of months, and again the New Year comes up to claim its place in the coming history of the days that are to be.

In the short interval that comes between Christmas and the New Year we have an opportunity of reviewing the past and anticipating the future. We pause, and look backwards and forwards. We look before and after, and pine for what is not.

Perhaps this is so, or perhaps we rejoice in the attainment of some object we have desired. There are a few people—we wish there were many—who can say that they have reached the summit of their ambition. It was our chance to meet with one of these fortunate people the other day, and she said: "I am very happy; I have everything I wish for." It does one good to hear now and then of a person whose utmost wish has been gratified. We trust that among our readers there are some to whom the Old Year has been thus bountiful. There are no doubt others who will have to say of the passing time,

"He gave me a friend, and a true, true-love,
And the New Year will take them away."

Let us hope that in such cases as these the New Year will not only take away, but will give also; will give abundantly, so that it shall be remembered more for its gifts than for what it has taken.

Let us all turn to it with anticipations of better things in the time that is to come. We hope that the new leaf which is to be turned over will make a wonderful difference in the style of the chapter that is about to be written. Of course we are sure that in many instances it will not, but the present is a season of looking forward with hope and confidence, and we would not spoil pleasant anticipations by any gloomy forebodings. For our readers, and for all those who are dear to them, we wish a Happy New Year in the fullest and best sense of the phrase.

The Indian Arrow.—From the small branches of the dog-wood, or some other hard wood resembling birdseye-maple, simply with their knives and a flame of fire, the Indian women work out the shaft, which is smooth and almost as straight as a sunbeam. This done, by the aid of a piece of hoop-iron, sharpened upon a stone, they make a point, which, with the feathers, is bound on the shaft. The next step is to ornament it, by means of pigments, with the national colors of the tribe, and to so mark the polished sides with lines, that the completed arrow, to the Indian's eye, is the very representative of the armorial bearings of his people. Armed with his bow, and a quiver of these arrows, he will mount his favorite horse, and dashing into a drove of buffalo, he will drive these feathered messengers through the hard ribs of a veteran bull with such force that it will pass beyond, and make a second one bite the dust; and do this too against walled sides, which flatten the rifle bullet into a pellet that falls harmless to the ground.

An Interesting Sale.—The farm called Hazel Plain, in Prince William county, Va., (better known as the Chinn farm), containing five hundred and fifty acres, belonging to B. T. Chinn, was sold for eight dollars per acre, to Mrs. Mary A Downman, executrix. This farm is a portion of the plateau upon which were fought the first and second battles of Manassas. When the war commenced it was under a high state of improvement, and the dwelling house upon it was one of the finest in this section of the State, but war devastated it, and the open fields, and the young pines and shattered mansion all now bear evidence to the bloody conflicts of which it was the scene.—*Charleston News.*

Decided. — Covington, Ga., has a Debating Society. The question last discussed by this august assembly was, "Which is the more useful, paper or gunpowder." The President was for a long time in great doubt as to which side had produced the strongest argument, when one of the powder side arose and very gravely said: "Mr. President: Spose dar was a bar out dar at de door, and you was to go dar and shake de paper at him, you'd see what de bar would do. But jes shoose cannot at him and mark de result. I calls for de question." The President forthwith decided in favor of powder.

January

In old Roman mythology *Janus* was a royal doorkeeper, an appropriate name for such a personage, inasmuch as the Latin word *janua*, from which *Janus* is derived, means *a door*. When Numa Pompilius, whose reign closed about six hundred and seventy two years B. C. (before Christ), took it into his head to make a new "time-table" for the world, he upset things generally. The Ancient Jewish, Egyptian, and Greek Calendars began the year on the 25th of March, and this system ran onward into the Christian centuries. But Numa Pompilius placed two new months before the previous ten, and called the first January in honor of *Janus*; and very appropriately, for as the old mythological deity was a door-opener, so January opens the year. This Janus, by the way, had two faces (and the two-faced people of these days show that the race is not extinct), one looking forward and one backward, into the future and into the past. Occasionally he was represented with four faces, and thus he had the double name *Janus Bifrons* (two-faced), and *Janus Quadrifrons* (four-faced).

The Romans worshipped *Janus* as the guardian of the year and the seasons; of gates and doors; and the beginning of the day the people prayed to him, and at the beginning of the year sacrifices were offered to him on twelve altars, one for each month.

The first day of January has for many centuries been celebrated by fastings and rejoicings, and the custom of making presents dates back so far into the dim past that we cannot trace its origin. Early Latin Authors mention it, and it is practised to great excess in the far-off years of English and French history. The fashion was, in those days, to give such articles as were rare, and we read of presents of "glove-money," or gloves, when gloves were expensive. About the beginning of the sixteenth century metallic pins were invented, doubtless to the great joy and convenience of the ladies, and these useful little articles were often given as New Year's presents, and money with which to purchase pins, and so "pin-money" became a common gift. In process of time the phase came to mean any money to be expended for trifles.

Preserve it.

Few readers can be aware, until they have had occasion to test the fact, how much labor and research is often saved by such a table as the following, the work of one now in his grave. If history is poetry, then here is "poetry personified:"

1607—Virginia settled by the English.
1614—New York settled by the Dutch.
1620—Massachusetts settled by the Puritans.
1624—New Jersey settled by the Dutch.
1627—Delaware settled by the Swedes and Finns.
1635—Maryland settled by the Irish Catholics.
1636—Connecticut settled by the Puritans.
1639—Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams.
1650—North Carolina settled by the English.
1670—South Carolina settled by the Huguenots.
1682—Pennsylvania settled by William Penn.
1732—Georgia settled by General Oglethorpe.
1791—Vermont admitted into the Union.
1792—Kentucky admitted into the Union
1796—Tennessee admitted into the Union
1802—Ohio admitted into the Union.
1811—Louisiana admitted into the Union.
1816—Indiana admitted into the Union.
1818—Illinois admitted into the Union.
1819—Alabama admitted into the Union.
1820—Maine admitted into the Union.
1821—Missouri admitted into the Union.
1836—Michigan admitted into the Union
1836—Arkansas admitted into the Union
1845—Florida admitted into the Union.
1846—Texas admitted into the Union.
1847—Iowa admitted into the Union.
1848—Wisconsin admitted into the Union.
1850—California admitted into the Union
1859—Oregon admitted into the Union.

A Prison Romance.

Every prison has its romance, and that of the Penitentiary at Kingston, Canada, is worth recounting. In 1842, near Toronto, the serving man of a Captain Kinnear murdered his master to obtain a sum of money which was in the house. After killing him, the wretch also slew the housekeeper. He was arrested, and at his trial implicated a girl of fifteen, named Grace Marks, who was living in the house, as an accomplice, alleging that she knew of the murder of the master before that of the housekeeper took place. Her story was that he threatened her with death if she gave the alarm; but as she had been on intimate terms with the murderer, it was discredited. He was hanged and she sentenced to the Penitentiary for life. Almost thirty years have elapsed, and she is still a prisoner, no more a blooming girl, but an old woman, pale, silent, sad, and prematurely gray. From time to time some newspaper correspondent, visiting the institution, hears and publishes her story. There is a talk of a petition for her release; people say 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange, 'tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful, and then the matter dies away. Where she lived and the cry of murder went up are now acres of brick and mortar and miles of dirty streets. Her kindred are dead, her crime forgotten, and her very existence and history unfamiliar.

Eclipse for 1872.

In 1872 there will be four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon.

I. May 22, a partial eclipse of the moon, invisible in the United States, and therefore not especially interesting to the majority of our readers.

II. June 5, an annular eclipse of the sun, subject to the same disadvantages as above. An "annular" eclipse is when a part of the sun's disk projects as a brilliant circle around the dark shadow of the moon.

III. November 14 and 15, a partial eclipse of the moon, invisible in the United States. At Boston?—it begins at 12:15 (midnight) and ends at 12:55.

IV. November 30, an annular eclipse of the sun, not visible in the United States. Should we be "doubling" Cape Horn at that time, the darkness will be visible to us.

An Example Worthy of Imitation.—The Legislature of Pennsylvania is to be called on during the next session to pass an act providing for the destruction of weeds in that State. Owners, occupiers or lessees of lands are to be compelled to keep not only their farms free from all such weeds as mullein, wild carrot, Canada thistle, horse nettle and oxeye daisy, but those portions of the public roads which pass through or adjoin their properties. Railroad companies are to be amenable to the provisions of this act. As very much mischief has been done by selling grass seed foul with all these and more vile seed, persons who knowingly or even inadvertently do so should be brought within the scope of this act. If it is true that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty," it is equally true that weeds produce poverty both of the farm and the farmer.

Domesticating Buffaloes.

I am a native American, writes a correspondent, and justly proud of my country, so far as there is anything to be proud of, and brag without worth is more damaging than we sometimes think. The western farmer needs correction when he claims more than his due. Now, in the matter of domesticating the buffalo, of utilising this raw material, of working this vast field of wealth, what does the farmers say? If you ask him, Will the taming of the buffalo pay? he almost universally says he thinks it will. But why don't he undertake it? "Well, he's agoin' to, as soon as he kin come round to it; the farm's so big, and money's so scarce, and times is so hard that he hain't had opportunity yet, but he's agoin' to."

But the experiment is being tried, and so far as I know anything of it, with success. I know of some buffalo, (or bison,) heifers and bulls, two years old, which promise well for gentleness and getting fat under conditions that the native stock suffer from. The fact is the buffalo will fatten easier, be worth more in hide and flesh, can be cultivated into a good milker, and will be kind and gentle. But the difficulty of taking the calves retards the process somewhat; they are kept in the centre of the herd, and in all cases of danger the bulls flank the herd. To capture them it is necessary to break through the flankers, through the ranks of cows to the calves, and then, riding at full gallop, either lasso them or catch them by the tails, which stick straight up in the chase, and upset and tie them. But why don't they trap them? you may ask. Because they have no traps which insure the lives of the calves. A pit-fall might do to get buffalo steaks, but the life and limb of the calves would be greatly endangered, and, of course, the calves only must be taken. The old fellows are too stiff in their prejudices for open prairie freedom. It is a problem yet unsolved. The Spanish fever, brought up by the Texas droves last summer, has depopulated the country of the Durhams, and Devons, and Jerseys. Milk and butter is scarce; beef is plenty, such as it is, but one who has tried a Texas steak from a creature which has exercised its muscles over a 1,200 mile journey, sighs for a tender, juicy bit of good sirloin. Something must be done to replenish our stock. Those who pretend to know say buffalo is preferable to Texas cattle, and I have an idea that the taming of the creature is an enterprise which will, next year and succeeding years, receive such an impetus as will soon place it among the legitimate endeavors of the western farmer.

An Eastern Love Story.

Kusa-Jatakaya, a Buddhistic legend, has been rendered for the first time into English verse, from the Sinhalese, by Thomas Steele, of the Ceylon Civil Service, and published in London by Trubner & Co. It is the story of an Indian Prince, son of the greatest sovereign of Dambadiva (India), who is gifted with every intellectual and moral quality, but ill-favored in his personal appearance, asks in marriage a princess of great beauty, and has her brought in pomp to the court of the king, his father. As soon as the lovely Prabavati has seen her bridegroom, Prince Kusa, in broad day-light, she takes to flight and returns to her father's house. Kusa follows her, and after practising various trades in the town where her father reigns, ends by obtaining access to the palace, where, as a cook, he distinguished himself by his uncommon talent. But neither his culinary skill nor his lamentations move the heart of Prabavati; and, being insultingly rejected, he is induced to return to his native town. Immediately after his departure, seven kings arrive, each at the head of an army, to demand the hand of Prabavati. The father of the princess is much embarrassed; if he bestows his daughter upon one of the seven, the other six will unite against him in a war which may ruin his country. In this dilemma, the king, touched with compassion, for his people, decides that his daughter shall be cut into seven pieces, and the portions carefully equalized so that the seven suitors may be satisfied, and no one made jealous.

The prospect of this sevenfold marriage causes Prabavati to reflect; she begins to consider that Prince Kusa, whom she so arrogantly rejected, is certainly not handsome, but full of intelligence, of constancy, and love; that he is the son of the most powerful king, and at the head of the most brilliant court to be found; she declares herself therefore ready to accept him as her spouse. Kusa has in the meantime returned; by his superior talents, without shedding of blood, he defeats and takes prisoners the seven kingly suitors; and as his clemency equals his bravery, and Prabavati fortunately has seven sisters, he gives one in marriage to each of the conquered kings. As for himself, his ugliness is suddenly transformed into beauty, he is married to Prabavati, "and they both live happy ever afterwards."

A Rat Story.—Remarkable stories about the sagacity of rats abound, and rats "of the period" seem to be improving on the wisdom of their ancestors. A lady of Brunswick, Maine, vouches for the truth of a tale as strange as any we have heard lately. The lady was greatly annoyed by rats in her cellar, where she kept, among other things, several dozens of bottles of preserves on shelves. She often found the corks out of some of the bottles, and an evident decrease of the preserves, a circumstance which puzzled her much. One day, as she was in the yard near the cellar window, she happened to spy an old gray rat run across the cellar and climb on the shelf. Standing on his hind-legs, with his fore-legs around the neck of the bottle, he nosed out the stopper, and drawing a quart box that was on the shelf to the side of the bottle, got up on it. He then turned about and dipped his tail full length into the preserves. Carefully drawing his tail out, he doubled himself up, and drew his tail through his mouth until he had removed all of the preserves. He repeated this same process, and the lady watched this bailing, for nearly half an hour, until the rogue had settled the preserves some two inches.

A Useful Crow.—A crow owned by a farmer in Stanton, Va., has constituted himself superintendent of the culinary department of his master's household, and when the dogs invade the premises, clears them out. He destroys every frog about the well; allows a mouse no chance for his life; drives away hawks from the poultry, and bids fair to act as the best squirrel dog in the country. With his argus eyes he readily spies a squirrel either upon the fence or on trees, and, with natural antipathy to the whole squirrel tribe, his shrill, keen note is readily detected by his owner, accompanied by rapid darts up and down, and the owner is thus led to the game.

Contented.—Indiana has one editor who is thoroughly content with this world and its belongings. Indeed, he is inclined to "brag" stiffly of his comfortable situation. He says: "The editor is now in the possession of the prettiest and the smartest daughter in the State, the handsomest and most intelligent wife in the State, the fastest and best horse in the State, the best cow in the State, the best pig in the State, he prints as good a paper as anybody else does in the State, and in this state of affairs he is happy." We should say he ought to be.

Concerning Christmas.

"Yawning for a Cheshire cheese" is mentioned in the *Spectator* as a Christmas gambol.

It was customary for the King of France to give presents to their soldiers at Christmas time.

It was formerly thought that bread baked on Christmas Eve would not turn mouldy.

In the earlier ages of the churches the bishops were accustomed, on Christmas Day, to sing carols among the clergy.

In the North of England a goose is always the chief ingredient in the composition of a Christmas pie.

Within the last hundred years the festivities appropriate to Christmas have much fallen off.

The young girls in Russia are the heroines of the Christmas festivities which seem invented but for their amusement.

In the Roman Catholic church three masses are preformed at Christmas—one at midnight one at daybreak, and one in the morning.

The Christmas festivities celebrated with more or less brilliancy till Candlemas; and with great spirit till Twelfth-day.

By the Puritan parliament Christmas was abolished altogether, and holly and ivy were made seditious badges.

Christmas Day, in the Primitive church, was always observed as the sabbath Day, and like that preceded by an eve or vigil.

"Gloria in Exelsis," the well-known hymn sung by the angels to the shepards at the Lord's nativity, was the earliest Christmas carol.

Christmas was called the Feast of Lights in the Latin church, because they used many lights or candles at the feast.

It is the saying in Lincolnshire, England, that if there is as much ice before Christmas as would bear a goose, there will not be so much after as will bear a duck.

"The mistletoe, a magical shrub," says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1871, "appeared to be the forbidden tree in the middle of the trees of Eden."

The yule-Dough was a kind of baby, or little image of paste, which bakers used formerly to bake at Christmas time, and present to their customers.

Mistletoe was abolished in the Christmas decking of churches because it was found to set the young ladies and gentlemen a reading the marriage service.

Misletoe was formerly hung in the kitchen or servant's hall. More recently it has been raised to the parlor and drawing-room, without, however, reducing the quantity of kissing in the lower regions.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1790, says that at Rippon, in Yorkshire, on Christmas Eve, the grocers send each of their customers a pound or half-a-pound of currants and raisins to make a Christmas pudding.

In the Scilly Islands they have a custom of singing carols on Christmas Day at church, to which the congregation make contributions by dropping money into a hat carried about the church when the performance is over.

It is the practice in England to cut ashen fagots for Christmas eve. The ash is said to be the only wood that will burn green, and it is the policy of the wood-cutters to lay on as many "binds" upon the fagots as possible, as it is an old established custom that every bind should represent a jug of cider, not that this is the limitation of quantity consumed on the occasion, only that this is part of the ceremonial.

Gambling Hells in New York.

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Jan. 5., '72

TERMS.—The CENTRE HALL REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year in advance, or $2,50 when not paid in advance. Halfyearly and quarterly subscriptions at the same rate. Single copies five cents.

Advertisements $1,50 per square (10 lines) for three insertions. Advertisements for a longer period, at a reduced rate.

Business cards of five lines, $5 per year

Communications recommending persons for office, 5 cents per line. Communications of a private nature and obituary notices exceeding five lines, five cents per line. Business notices in local column 10 cents per line, for one insertion.

Notices of deaths and marriages inserted free of charge. Our friends, in all parts of the county will oblige by sending us local items of interest from their respective localities.

The figures set to the address upon each subscriber's paper indicate that the subscription is paid up to such date, and answer the same as a receipt. Persons remitting by mail, or otherwise, will understand from a change in these dates that the money has been received

As soon as the cars commenced running on the Lewistown and Selins grove railroad, coal fell one dollar per ton at the former place.

H. L. Dieffenbach retires from the Bloomburg Columbian, and takes charge of the Williamsport Standard. We are pleased to find Diffy getting nearer home. He is one of the staunchest and most clearheaded democratic editors in this state—his pen never fails to give standing to whatever journal he edits, and under his management we expect to see the Standard take front rank among the papers of old Keystone.

Judge Bucher held his first court in Snyder county, two weeks ago, and left a very favorable impression among all classes, who witnessed Joe in the discharge of his duties. Even the Lewisburg Chronicle which slandered Mr. Bucher before the election now speaks in his praise. The people of the district have an able and upright Judge, and will never regret the choice they made.

We are informed, that as soon as the weather permits, a corps of engineers will be ordered to run a line from Milroy, via Bear meadows, to intersect with the railroad in this valley. It is supposed that a line by that route would intersect at Linden Hall. Engineer Warrell, we are told, has been over a part of the territory in question, and thinks a favorable route can be found. It is claimed that this route would make the distance between Bellefonte and Lewistown 45 miles, or ten miles shorter than a connection by way of Havice valley.

Sumner in Favor of the One Term Principle.

Grant has not yet squelched Sumner. The Massachusetts Senator, on the 21st ult., in the Senate, introduced a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution, limiting the President to one term. Mr. Sumner, who is the greatest mind in the radical sanhedrim, long ago became disgusted with Grant's imbecility, and thinks the radical party is disgraced by Ulysses. We think Sumner is right, and we feel that the country alike is disgraced with the party, and the cause of the stain ought not to be allowed to exist longer than the 4th of March 1873, unless Providence, having pity for our people, interferes sooner. But it is certain as fate, that the great present-taker will be the nominee of the radical party, for another four year's lease; for Grant has it in his power to have himself again nominated next summer. The immense patronage he wields, and the bayonets which he commands, are all to be used, and are now being used, to secure this end. All the best men in the radical ranks, are opposed to Grant's re-nomination, and are longing to see him leave the white-house with the end of the present term. Sumner, Fenton, Schurz, and a dozen of other radical senators, who are not in the ring of plunderers at Washington, are opposed to Grant, and so are hosts of other radical leaders, in and out of congress.

We think such an amendment as Mr. Sumner proposes, should be adopted—let the term be extended to six years, but limited to a single term. This will prevent the president from prostituting his high office and gathering wicked and unprincipled men to his support by bribes in offices, and intriguing for a re-election. Mr. Sumner's joint resolution is proceeded by a number of preambles, citing authorities in favor of the one-term principle. First, he cites Andrew Jackson, who in his first and second messages was impressed with the peril to our institutions, from the temptations acting on the President who covets a re-election, and spoke in favor of an amendment to the constitution, rendering the President ineligible, after one term.

2nd, William Henry Harrison is cited by his declaration in favor of the one term principle.

3rd, Henry Clay, in a speech, June 27th, 1840, and subsequently in a letter, strongly advocated a one-term amendment.

4th, The Whig party, in 1844, when Clay was nominated for President, had a one term plank in its platform.

5th, Benjamin F. Wade, in 1866, in the Senate, urged a one-term amendment.

6th, De Tocqueville, the able French writer, in his work on the "Democracy in America," set forth the evils that threaten our institutions, from the temptations which surround a chief magistrate to intrigue for his re-election.

After citing these authorities, in the preambles, comes the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives, &c., That the following Article is hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and when ratified by the Legislatures of three fourths of the several States, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of the Constitution, to wit:

ARTICLE 1—Section 1. No person who has held once the office of President of the United States shall be hereafter eligible to that office.

Section 2. This amendment shall not take effect until after the 4th of March, 1873.

Mr. SUMNER, in introducing the amendment, said: I shall content myself with a brief remark. This is an era of Civil Service reform, and the President of the United States in his message has already called our attention to that important subject and he has made a recommendation with reference to it. It may be remembered that I hailed that massage at once as it was read from the desk. I forebore then to state that I missed one important recommendation—a very important recommendation—one without which all other recommendations I fear may be futile. I missed a recommendation of an amendment to the Constitution in conformity with the best precedents in our history, and with the recommendations of illustrious men limiting the person holding the office of President to one term.

Sir, that is the initial point of Civil Service reform; that is the first stage in that great reform. The scheme of the President is the play of Hamlet without Hamlet. I propose, by the amendment that I offer, to see that Hamlet brought into play. [Laughter.]

Mr. SHERMAN—Does the Senator propose to postpone the play of Civil Service reform until we adopt this amendment?

Mr. SUMNER—No, but I propose to put Hamlet into the play. It need not take long to do it.

The joint resolution was then read and laid over.

Mr. SUMNER called attention to the fact that the amendment was not to go into effect until March 4th, 1873. Therefore it would not interfere with the preference of Senators for any particular condidate next year.

Grant's Whitewashing Committee.

Says the *Sun*.

The whitewashing Committee agreed upon in the Republican caucus at Washington, and then foisted upon the Senate, will satisfy neither the country nor independent Republicans. In refusing to place upon it a single one of the dozen Republican Senators who had sustained Mr. Trumbull's motion for raising the Committee, the Grant Senators set at defiance the plainest principles of parlimentary law. We venture to say that in the whole history of Congressional proceedings, never before, under like circumstances, was a committee of inquiry so openly and so shamelessly packed as this has been. Except in very extreme cases those who propose an inquiry of this sort have been allowed to have a majority of its members; and never in any legislature in this country was there a case so exceptional in its character that the movers of a measure were not permitted to have a large representation on the committee even though that representation might fall short of a majority.

The composition of the Grant Senatorial Committe of Investigation violates these long and well-established rules. With the exception of Mr. Bayard, a Democrat, the Committee, as agreed upon in the Grant caucus, was made up exclusively of those who had voted against Mr. Trumbull's propositions; and even in selecting the Democrats in the Senate were not consulted.

Why this violation of parlimentary law and common fairness? There can be but one answer to this question. The friends of Grant in the Senate were afraid to commit an inquiry into the alleged abuses of his Administration to an impartial and fearless Committee of Republicans.

Senators Conkling, Nye, Morton, and others, give another reason of their strange course. They tell the Republican party and the country that Trumbull, Sumner, Schurz, Logan, and their eight or ten Republican coadjutors, are opposed to Grant's Administration, and hostile to his renomination. Take these champions of Grant at their word? Do they imagine that on the plain issue of an honest, searching inquiry into the abuses of the Administration, it and its head can survive the attacks of these eminent Republican leaders? Do they not remember that it was precisely in this way that the renomination of Pierce was prevented, and the Administration of Buchanan overthrown, and the Democratic party hopelessly prostrated? Do they forget that it was distinguished Democrats in the Legislature who led the assault of the people upon the decaying dynasties of those eras, who exposed their frauds and corruptions, and finally brought them to the ground?

The Republican advocates of Grant, by this left-handed attack upon Trumbull and his friends, unconsciously admit away their whole case. Are Trumbull, Sumner, Fenton, and the rest, really opposed to Grant's Administration, and is this the reason why they are not willing to see it whitewashed by a committee packed by a caucus? Then, Grant's Administration is doomed? And the sooner the Republican party takes note of this fact and prepares to bring out a new candidate for the better; for the bare statement of the case, as put by his apologists, shows that he cannot be re-elected.

But the debate proved that these were not alone the reasons why Grant's backers shrunk from the adoption of Mr. Trumbull's resolution as proposed by him, and the subsequent creation of a fair committee under the diluted and emasculated resolution as fixed up in the caucus. Senator Schurz had, during the discussion, specifically pointed to a certain glaring abuses existing under the Administration. He did not deal in general charges, but referred to such as had been proven to exist, and the knowledge of which he had taken no steps toward extirpating or reforming. These abuses, and especially those in the New York Custom House, which were of a most flagrant and scandalous nature, touched some of the President's near and dear friends and benefactors. Messrs. Conkling, Morton, and their allies, very naturally supposed that a committee of the Trumbull type would probe these rascalities still deeper, and lay them bare to the observation of the Reformers of this State. Now intent upon unearthing fraud and corruption in every branch of governmental affairs. So these gentlemen who were so brave in leading the attack on Tammany showed the white feather and retreated into a caucus room when their good friends in the Custom House and their great friend in the Executive Mansion were about to be arraigned at the bar of public opinion.

In fine, we warn those Senators who are by these dishonorable tactics endeavoring to shield their patron, that the popular indignation will strip off their flimsy covering, and expose to view the iniquities of Grant's Administration with as pitiless a hand as it did those of Tammany Hall.

HARRISBURG.

The Penn'a legislature met on 2nd inst. Speaker Broadhead, dem., called the senate to order and the returns of the newly elected senators were read at the close of which the speaker announced that an order for an election to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Connell, rad., would be issued today, 2nd. This vacancy leaves the senate a tie, 16 to 16. The senate then adjourned to next day, without the new senators being sworn in.

Under democratic usages speaker Broadhead vacates the chair at this point. Commencing the election for a new speaker on the 3rd, the vote, of course will be a tie, and then what? will there be a dead lock? There is but one of two courses left for speaker Broadhead, and these I find so well defined in a daily journal, that I cannot pass them over, viz:

First. He can declare or assume that the term for which he was elected Speaker has expired, and vacate the chair.

This retirement of the Speaker at the opening of the new term would be in strict accordance with the usage and precedents of the Democratic party, and has been insisted upon by them for many years. They held that under the 10th and 11th sections of the 1st article of the Constitution, the Senate "shall" (imperatively) elect its new Speaker on re-assembling "on the first Tuesday of January."

The Republicans, on the other hand, have contended that from the necessities of the case, the Speaker can (legally) never die; that neither the Constitution nor custom ever designed that there should be a single moment when that office should be a nullity. In support of this view, they say that one of the duties of the Speaker (under the 14th section of the 2d article of the Constitution) is to supply any vacancy caused by the actual death of the Governor. To meet this exigency the office of Speaker of the Senate must be continuous. (The two political parties raise many other points, but the above are given simply as illustrating their respective positions.)

Assuming that Speaker Brodhead should vacate the chair, one result follows, viz: There would be no Speaker to issue a writ of election for a new Senator for the Fourth Philadelphia District. But in all subsequent balloting, which would then ensue under the call of the Clerk, there could be but one decision viz: Sixteen Republican votes opposed to sixteen Democratic votes, and no election for Speaker. It is not easy to predict the end of this. If a single member of either party broke faith with his colleagues, a Speaker could be chosen. It has been suggested that the Supreme Court might be appealed to, but the jurisdiction of that tribunal might be questioned. There is no precedent for its action in the premises. If Speaker Brodhead continued in his office, and then refused or neglected to issue the writ, it is argued that it might be within the range of the duties of the Supreme Court to compel him to comply with the section of the Constitution which says: "When vacancies happen in either House, the Speaker or shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies."

Second. The other alternative of Speaker Brodhead is to continue in office sufficiently long to issue his writ of election (whether his party or himself would regard such a course as a violation of their principles is not here asserted.) In that event the Sheriff would require ten days' notice, and the election in Philadelphia ten days' preparation, so that a new Republican Senator could take his seat at Harrisburg on or before February 1st. The new Senator would, of course, unlock the tie and give the Republicans control of the Senate and its patronage.

In view of the above difficulties, it has been suggested that a compromise be made between the two political parties by which the officers of the Senate would be divided. This plan has some luke-warm friends and some bitter opponents on both sides. It has been the rule for years for either House to appoint a committee to notify the other that it was organized and ready to proceed to business." If the House receives no such message from the Senate, the question is asked "By what authority can it assume that the General Assembly has legally met?" It has also been that rule for the two Houses to appoint a joint committee to wait upon the Governor and inform him that the "General Assembly" was organized. If the Governor receives no such joint committee, it is asked, how can he legally recognize the Legislature as being in session?

As the Democrats Control the present officer, of the Senate that political party of necessity takes the initiative, by assuming some position. What the position will be has not yet been ascertained.

Pending the contest, a warm fight is going on for officers of the Senate whenever that body shall organize.

The house organised by electing Elliott, rad., speaker, the democrats voting for Mr. Woolever.

Gen. Selfridge was re-elected clerk with Smull and Morrison for assist's.

The Lock Haven Republican, in pointing out the families that have the small pox, in that city, mentions the following circumstances:

Two in the Bantleon family, on west side of Jay street, between Main and Church.

These are two young women, sisters of the first case reported. About three weeks ago they ceased to appear as usual upon the streets, and, under the circumstances, the neighbors judged that their non-appearance was caused by their having contracted the disease. To all questions as to where the girls were, and as to their health, the parents and their brother answered that they were out of town and well. To some they reported that they were on a visit to Reading; to others that they were in the mountains cooking for wood choppers. In the uncertainty as to whether their statements were true, Officer Keller went into the house and made a partial examination, but that was not satisfactory. The Mayor then authorized Chief of Police McGill to offer $5 to any one who would act as special policeman, and go into the house, and make a thorough search. But no one could be procured. They were away a part of the time, probably, but not more than a few days. On Monday afternoon, the continued apprehensions of citizens led Doctors Hayes and Richards to thoroughly search the house themselves. They were shown all through the house by the father and every room opened to them except one. "That is the one in which John was sick, and there has not been anything in since, and there is nothing in there now." The doctors insisting on admission, the door was finally opened to them, and entering, they found both the girls sick with small pox.

The conduct of this family cannot be too severely condemned. The son brought the disease here. How much he is to blame for that depends upon his knowledge of his case when he left Altona for Lock Haven. But as soon as it was known that his disease was small pox, the City Counsil passed an ordinance restricting him, and all others similarly afflicted, as well as all persons communicating with them to a certain course of conduct. This ordinance he and all his family must have been cognizant of; and yet, in defiance of it he paraded our streets and exposed himself in crowds, at a time when the disease was most liable to be imparted. The family were on the streets in all stages of the son's sickness, and it seems made no effort to rid the premises of the contagion, but rather seemed to desire its diffusion, by concealing the reappearance of the disease in their house, contrary to the provisions of family were going in and out of the house, the ordinance, while the well members circulating freely among our citizens. The result of this reckless disregard of the law and of every dictate of humanity is but partially realized in the cases of small pox hitherto reported, all of which are traceable to the first Bantleon case. As the family were about the streets until Monday last, we may expect another crop of cases from the same seed of more recent sowing. We trust this case will be probed to the bottom and that proper punishment will be administered where it is due.

When the City Council of Richmond presented Jefferson Davis with the Brockenbrough house, one of the finest residences in Virginia, he thanked them, but said he could not consistently with the dignity of his office and his own self-respect accept the gift. General Lee also refused to accept a house from the citizens of Richmond

At Akron, a canal boat driver twisted a mule's tail to make it go. There was a funeral the next day.

It is thought that Colorado, New Mexico and Utah will be admitted to the Union at this session, notwithstanding that the new apportionment bill requires each territory to have a population of 137,000 persons to entitle it to admission.

The Height of El Captain.

The great weather-stained scarred face of El Captain was on our left, and though its base was almost half a mile away, it towered so high above and seemed so to hang over us, that we should almost have said we could throw a stone against it from the path. No picture by pen or brush can ever convey an idea of the vastness of this view; its magnitude baffles description; nor can the spectator begin to realize it except after seeing it from all points, and studying for days at a time its colossal features in detail. I know of no better way to convey even an inadequate idea of it than by taking some familiar object, as a church spire for instance, for comparison. Let the reader then take as the unit of measurement a church spire, say 200 feet in height. Put yourself upon the curbstone opposite and run your eye along it to the top.

Fix that measure in your mind. Now go back a little way and double church and spire—fancy yourself looking upward to the top of two such spires, 400 feet. Have you fixed your distance? Then go back still farther and double the height of your two spires—imagine yourself looking up to the top of the fourth spire piled one above another. There's a distance of 800 feet strait up. Take a little time to think it over. Then back still farther, to save something of the effect, and double up again— count them up from the bottom—eight spires high 1,600 feet. Rest a little, and, if you can, familiarize yourself with the thought and with the distance, for I have not not yet done with the eye of your fancy. Now for the last leap in this perpendicular geometrical progression—double the whole eight—and at the top of your sixteenth spire—if I haven't lost you on the way in some of these tremendous upward leaps—reach just a hundred feet beyond—the height of half a spire—then draw a long breath—put your knife into a cloud—you are at the top of El Captain, 3,300 feet in air.

Keeping that point in mind, down from it and spread out under it, for half a mile, a granite curtain, seamed, and scarred, and discolored by the storms and tempests of uncounted ages—at its base pile up a scraggy slope of rocks and mountain debris—plant along the dizzy far-off edge a row of giant pines, that from its foot shall look like bushes—turn a river along its front, and set a grove beside it, and over it all throw the halo and witchery of a golden sunset deepening all its shadows, bringing into relief its outlines, and bathing in a tender light its hoary summit—and you have El Captain as I saw it on that August afternoon, and seeing it wondered and worshiped.—*Isaac H. Bromley, on "The Big Trees and the Yosemite," Scribner's for January.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan;
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty—
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him whom Cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for him whom Angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

Angels and Archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Thronged the air;
But only His Mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshiped the Beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a Shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a Wise Man
I would do my part,—
Yet what I can I give Him,—
Give my heart.

—*Scribner's for January.*

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for January is still in the advance. For reading at once spicy, vigorous, spirited and highly toned, its bulky January number has our warm commendation. A capital of the new year. Among its articles are: E. B. Washburne, our Minister to France: What can I do Best; Cheerful Living; Joseph P. Thompson, D D; Expression; Sol Smith Russell; Passages from Hyak Life; Only a Head; Taking Cold; &c. Numerous illustrations are given. $3 a year. Valuable premiums offered. S. R. Wells, publisher, New York.

SMALL POX.

The following succinct facts, in reference to this terrible disease, have been indisputably established by the careful observation of scientific men at home and abroad:

1. That infants should be vaccinated in a month after birth.

2. That vaccination should be repeated at the age of fourteen years.

3. That the older persons grow after that, the less danger there is of an attack of small pox or varioloid, which is small pox modified by previous vaccination, and that after fifty years there is no danger of an attack.

4. Still, if there is any danger of unusual exposure to the disease, or if it prevails largely in a community, it is safer to be vaccinated again.

5. Nurses in small pox hospitals who are re-vaccinated are almost wholly exempt, while other nurses, who are careless of revaccination, have varioloid in cases ten times more numerous.

6. That the father the remove of the vaccine matter from what was taken from the cow, the more necessary is revaccination—that is, vaccine matter loses some of its power in every person it passes through, hence if city practitioners should take the their matter from the cow direct, every ten years, the community would be greatly safer.

7. No authenticated case has yet occured where any disease has been communicated through vaccine matter, other than modified small pox. This statement should be fixed upon the memory of the intelligent reader, as bare assertions to the contrary are recklessly made by a certain class of uneducated persons, who write on matters pertaining to health and disease.

8. It is a very rare occurrence that any person who has been once well vaccinated and was in good health at the time suffers from varioloid. Those who have varioloid after having been vaccinated once suffer because it did not take well or some other disease was in the system at the time, or the matter was at too great a remove from the original source, the cow.

SHERIFF SALES.—By vitue of sundry writs of fieri facias, levari facias venditioni exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the court-house in Bellefonte, on Saturday, January the 20th, 1872.

The following real estate of defendant, situate in Walker twp., Centre county, Pa. Bounded and described as follows: Lot in Hublersburg, on the North, by land of Adam Deckerd, on East, by land of Joseph Shafer, on South, by public road, leading through Hublersburg from East to West, and on the West by road leading from Hublersburg to Howard, and known as the Carner Hotel, containing about 12 acres. Thereon erected said Hotel building, stable, and other outbuildings. Also, a certain tract of land situate in Walker township, aforesaid, bounded on the North, by lands of Benjamin Tilghman, on East, by land of Jno. Carner, on the South by public road, leading from Hublersburg to Howard, and on the West by Land of Jno. Carner, containing about fifty acres, about forty acres cleared and under Fence. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Christina Hubler.

ALSO:

A certain tract or piece of land, situate in Miles township, Centre county, Pa. Bounded on East, by land of Jacob Brumgart South by land of Jerry Haines, West by —— Bowersocks, and on North, by land of ——, containing twenty acres more or less. Thereon erected a log dwelling house, Stable, and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob Shutterbeck.

ALSO:

All that certain lot or piece of ground. Situate in the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa. Bounded and described as follows: Begining at a post on the north side of Buffalo run, along a line of lot of Timothy Kelly, north 40 degrees, west 149 feet to post, thence north 5¼ degrees, east 50 feet 6 inches to post, thence south 40 degrees, east 142 feet to post, thence south 50 degrees, west 50 feet to place of begining. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, and other outbuildings. Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of George W. Shafer.

ALSO:

All that certain messuage and tract of land, situate in Rush township, Centre county, Pa. Surveyed in the name of Casper Lawrence, begining at a quaking asp, thence by land of William Dutton, south 50 degrees, west 320 perches to a white oak, thence by land vacant, south 40 degrees, east 290 perches to a black oak, thence by land of Samuel Chestnut, north 50 degrees east 320 perches to a hemlock, thence by land of Daniel Brumer, north 40 degrers, west 230 perches to the begining, containing 433 acres 155 perches and allowance, which said tract was surveyed in pursuance of a warrant dated 15th May, 1793, granted to said Casper Lawrance (excepting and reserving 15 acres of said tract at the maple corner at the pond.) Also all that tract of land situate in Rush township, aforesaid, begining at a maple or black oak, thence by land surveyed in the name of Mary Floyd, south 40 degrees, east 230 perches to a hickory, thence by land surveyed in the name of Jacob Slough, north 50 degrees, east 320 perches to a birch or pine, thence by land surveyed in the name of Owen Jorden, north 40 degrees, west 230 perches to a hemlock or post, thence by land surveyed in the name of Casper Lawrence, south 50 degrees, west 320 perches to the place of begining. Containing 453 acres 155 perches and allowance. Surveyed on a warrant in the name of Samuel Chestnut, dated May 15th 1793, (excepting and reserving 40 acres of land off the west corner of the above tract adjoining the maple or black oak corner.) Thereon erected two dwelling houses, two stables, and other outbuildings, about two acres cleared. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Charles W. F. Calvert.

ALSO:

All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate, lying and being in Snow Shoe township, Centre county, Pa. Bounded and described as follows: Begining at a maple tree, thence by land conveyed to Edward Scott, north 1 degree, east 120 feet to post by a pine, thence by land surveyed to Peter Hall, south 89 degrees, east 208 perches and 1-16 of perch to a pine tree, thence by land surveyed to James Gilliland, south 1 degree, 120 perches to a post by pine, thence by land surveyed to Francis Hall, south 89 degrees, west 208 1-16 perches to place of beginning, containing 198 acres, 8 perches and allowance, the same more or less. Said tract of land in warranted name of Henry Vandike and sold by MacManus to Charles McCafferty by him, sold to P. Cryder and R. McCormick and by them, sold to said H. A. Litchenthaler together with the heriditaments and appurtenances. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of H. A. Litchenthaler.

ALSO:

All the right title and interest of defendent in and to the following real estate, vis: All those certain pieces, parcels or tracts of land situate in Rush township, Centre county, Pa. One thereof with warrentee name of Peter Brutzman, containing 433 acres and 153 perches, (No 35,) another thereof, in the name of Thomas Edwards, containing 453 acres 153 perches, (No 36,) another thereof, in the warrantee name of Robert Irwin, containing 433 acres and 153 perches, (No 37,) the residue of the tract in the warrentee name of Thomas Hamilton, containing 216 acres and 153 perches, (No. 38,) the residue of the tract in the warrantee name of Thomas Grant, containing 216 acres and 153 perches, (No. 45,) another thereof, in the warrantee name of Thomas Reese, containing 453 acres and 153 perches, No. 46,) and also parts of tracts, Nos. 85 and 75, surveyed in warrantee names of Wm. Potter and Martin Meyer, begining at a post corner of land of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale and E. W. Hale, thence along land of said E. W. Hale, north 69 degrees, east 47 perches to a post, thence south 15 degrees, east 24 perches, thence south 20 degrees, east 9 perches, thence south 7 degrees, west 14 perches, thence south 13¾ degrees, west 14 perches, thence south 4 degrees, west 34 3-10 perches to a post, thence north 50 degrees, west 474 perches to a post, thence along land of Mrs. Sarah J Hale, north 40 degrees, east 39 perches to a post, thence along same, north 34 degrees, west 48 perches to the place of begining. Containing 21 acres 112 perches, net measure and also lots Nos. 192, 193, 194 and 195, in the borough of Philipsburg, and the square bounded by north 8th street, Pine street Athertons lane and Spruce street, in the borough of Philipsburg. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of E. W. Hale.

ALSO:

All the personal, unreal and real property franchises and rights of the defendant, The Eddy run Improvement Company. Situate lying and being in the townships of Curtin, Snow Shoe and Burnside, in the County of Centre, in and upon Eddy run and two run tributaries of Beach creek, from their sources to their mouths, for their whole length, together with the dams, sluices, sluice gates, cribs, canals, and other devices, for the floating of timber, saw logs and timber, down the said runs, and improvements made and constructed under and in pursuance of an act entitled, an act to incorporate the Eddy run Improvement Company, passed the 30th day of April, 1868. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of The Eddy Run Improvement Company.

ALSO:

All of defendants, right, title, interest and claim of in and to all that certain piece or lot of ground situate in the borough of Philipsburg, Centre county, Pa. Bounded and described as follows: begining at the corner of Laurel and North Centre streets, thence north by Centre street 66 feet to the line of lots, thence by lot No. 90, 120 feet, thence at right angles and across the middle of said lot 66 feet to Laurel street, thence by the same, 120 feet to the place of begining, being one half of lot No. 91, as designated on the plot of said borough, with a large two story frame dwelling house, thereon erected, with bakery, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John L. Barr.

ALSO:

The following described building and lot of ground of Joshua Reynolds, James McManigal owner and contractor and Martin Houser, trustees of the church of the United Brethren in Christ, at Julian Furnace, to wit: The building is a frame church, bounded on the north by public Road leading from Julian Furnace to Port Matilda, east by lands of Jacob Loom and south and west by street or alleys, and known as the property of the United Brethren in Christ, at Julian Furnace in Houston township, Centre county, Pa. Said building has a front of 30 feet on said public road and extending back 46 feet, one story of 16 feet and surmounted with a belfry or spire. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of the United Brethren in Christ, or Joshua Reynolds, James McManigal and Martin Houser, trustees.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock of said day.

D. W. WOODRING, Sh'ff.

Sh'ff's Office, Bellefonte Dec. 28th, 1871.

MILROY MARKETS.
Corrected by John M'Dowell.

White wheat 1,45....Red wheat 1,40....Rye 70.....Corn 70.....Oats 40.....Barley 65.....Cloverseed 5,50.....Timothyseed, 3,50.....Salt 2 50 per sack,.....Bacon 10c.....Ham 16.....Butter 20... Eggs 20.....Plaster 9 50

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.
Corrected by Keller & Musser.

White Wheat $1,35, Red 1,30.., Rye.....75..... Corn 60..... Oats ,40.....Barley 65. 70.....Cloverseed 5,50 ..... Potatoes 45 Lard per pound 7.....Pork per pound 09 Butter 30.....Eggs 30. ....Plaster per ton $15 Tallow 10.....Bacon 8 .... Ham 12.

Thursday morning—snow 3 inches.

NOTICE.—All persons having unpaid vendue notes in the hands of the undersigned, are hereby notified that the same fell due on the 25th inst., and that immediate payment of the same is earnestly requested.

BENJ. BITNER.

dec6-3t.

1872. THE WORLD. 1872.

In the year 1872 General Grant's successor is to be chosen; the Forty-third Congress to be elected.

The people's votes, white and black, North and South, will thus decide the future destiny of the Republic, select its rulers, prescribe their course.

How to influence the people's votes?

By the newspaper—for it includes every other agency. It makes known events and facts among all influences the chief. It assembles the vaster outside audiences which cannot gather to the State-house, the pulpit, or the stump. It is the constant interpreter of men's affairs, and of error or truth is the daily seed-sower.

Next November is our political harvest-time. As we sow we shall reap.

The World's seed-sowing will be fruitful to the extent that its circulation is widely pushed by those who approve its aim.

The World will aim to represent and combine the labors and the votes of

1.—All those who find best insurance of the people's prosperity, peace, and progress in a government administered on the principles and in the pure practice of Jefferson and Jackson, who deeply detest and origin of the present corruptions, extravagance, misgovernment, subversion of public liberties, and insecurity of private rights in our rulers' lawless usurpation of interdicted and underdicted and undelegated powers—usurpation that today marches deliberately on to the subjugation of popular rule and the possession of dictatorial power—for by acts of Congress General Grant may even now destroy the freedom of State elections, invade the States at his pleasure, and declare martial law of his own mere will.

2.—All those who would maintain the honor of republics, and would preserve public credit by punctual payment of public debts.

3.—All those who would cut down to fewer and fit objects all appropriations of the people's money (to-day more than double, nearly treble the appropriations of a Democratic Congress eleven years ago, not counting annuities to Indians, pensions to soldiers, and interest on debt), and who would oblige all spending of the people's money got by taxes to be with honesty and thrift; likewise all those who would spare a little of the people's landed estate for the landless millions hereafter and stop its squandering dominions in a day upon those who already own too much.

4.—All those who would reduce the number of commodities taxed by our tariff from thousands to a few dozens, and so empty our custom-houses of half their officials, rid the statute-books of half their odious snares for honesty or bribes to fraud, and unfetter scores of our native industries.

5.—All those who would lower the rates also of our tariff taxes to the point of most easily yielding the largest revenue—who would abandon the protectionist system of reducing the public revenue whilst increasing the extortionate profits of a few at the expense of all other industries.

6.—All those who would abolish every unlawful tax, like that on incomes; every unjust tax like that which gives banks the people's profits on a national currency; every unequal and indeterminate tax, like that levied most cruelly upon the poor—the tax of our irredeemable paper-money—the Treasury Note.

The World will aim—as the recognized and leading organ of the Democratic party in the great focus of national commerce and intelligence—to fulfill this it's mission and duty with steadfast boldness and fidelity; to inspire in the ranks of those who think the same things concerning the Republic an united, organized, determined, and persistent zeal; to win new recruits from among those who have been enemies to the Democracy in the conflicts of a dead past; and to marshal an unbroken phalanx to the triumph at the ballot-box (true battle field of Liberty) of Right and Law.

As a Vehicle of News,

THE WORLD will spare no expense, no energy, to maintain and advance its place in the first rank of metropolitan journals. Its fresh, abundant, varied, and accurate news, comprising the whole circle of current intelligence and literature, will be discussed, as becomes

A Trustworthy Organ of Opinion,

with candor, with steady devotion to sound public and private morals, with special knowledge for special themes, and with various and wide-reaching apprehension of the manifold interests of men and women in their homes, their market-places, their work-shops, and their farms.

THE WEEKLY WORLD.

A large quarto sheet, printed throughout in large type, and published every Wednesday morning. Among its prominent features are:

1. ITS VERY FULL AND ACCURATE MARKET REPORTS, embracing the LIVE STOCK markets of New York, Albany, Brighton, Gambridge, and Philadelphia; the NEW YORK COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET, and GENERAL PRODUCE MARKETS of the country; and full reports of the NEW YORK MONEY MARKET. Each of these reports is complied with great care, and contains the latest quotations that can be obtained up to the time of putting the paper to press.

2. Its AGRICUTTRAL DEPARTMENT, which contains each week articles on practical and scientific farming that are of great value to the American farmers.

3. A very full report of the Farmer's Club of the American Institute is printed in each issue of the Weekly WORLD, *the day after the meeting of the Club.* By this arrangement the report appears in the Weekly WORD one week in advance of its publication in any other weekly paper.

4. A portion of the Weekly WORLD is reserved for family reading matter, including original and selected stories, poems, waifs of humor, and extracts from books and periodicals. Particular attention will be given to this department during the year.

5. A special feature of the Weekly WORLD is a carefully complied summary of the news of each week. It is made so complete that no one who reads it can fail of being well posted on all the important news of the day.

THE Semi-weekly World,

published Tuesday and Friday, is a large quarto sheet, containing all the news published in the Daily WORLD, with the exception of such local reports as may be of no interest to non residents of New York City. Its market reports are as full as those of the daily edition, and it contains, besides intere-ting literary matter, on Friday of each week, a full report of the Farmers' Club.

The Daily World

contains *all the news* of the day that can be obtained by mail and telegraph from all parts of the world, and thorough discussions of all topics of interest.

The World Almanac,

commenced in 1868, has been published about the 1st of January, in 1868, 1870, and 1871. That for 1872 will be ready about January 1st.

THE WORLD ALMANAC contains a great quantity of invaluable political information of use to every voter, and of such a character as can be obtained in no other publication. In it are printed the full official returns of every important election held during the year preceding the issue of the Almanac; the vote of New York State by election districts, and New Jersey by towns; the names of and vote for members of both branches of the New York Legislature; the returns of the New York City municipal elections; list of members of the United States Government, of Congress, and of the several State governments, and other statistical matter. THE WORLD ALMANAC for 1872 will be necessary to every Democrat who desires to keep himself thoroughly posted in facts and figures.

CAMPAIGN YEAR—REDUCED RATES.

TERMS BY MAIL.

Weekly World.

One Copy, 1 year..... $2,00
Five Copies, 1 year, separately addressed..... 8,00
Ten Copies, 1 year, separately addressed, and an extra Copy to getter-up of Club..... 15,00
Twenty Copies, 1 year, separately addressed, and an extra Copy togetter-up of Club..... 25,00
Fifty Copies, 1 year, separately addressed, and the Semi-Weekly, 1 year, to getter-up of Club..... 50,00
One Hundred Copies, 1 year, separately addressed, and the Daily, 1 year to getter-up of Club..... 100,00

Semi-Weekly World.

One Copy, 1 year..... $4,00
Two Copies, 1 year, separately addressed..... 6,00
Five Copies, 1 year, separately addressed..... 12,00
Ten Copies, 1 year, separately, and an extra Copy to getter-up of Club...20,00

Daily World.

One Copy, 1 year..... $10,00
One Copy, 6 months..... 5,00
One Copy, 3 months..... 2,50
One Copy, 1 year, with Sunday Edition..... 12,00
One Copy, 6 months, with Sunday Edition..... 6,00
One Copy, 3 months, with Sunday Edition..... 3,00
One Copy, 1 month, with Sunday Edition..... 1,00

The World Almanac,
(For 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872.)
Price, Single Copies, of either year, postpaid..... $0,20
Seven Copies, of either year, postpaid.. 1,00

Directions.

Additions to Clubs may be made at any time in the year at the above Club rates.

Changes in Club Lists made only on receiving Club packages, stating date of subscription, edition, post office, and State to which it has previously been sent.

TERMS—Cash in advance. Send Post-office Money Order, Bank Draft, or Registered Letter. Bills sent by Mail will be at the risk of the sender.

We have no travelling agents. Specimen copies, posters, etc., sent free of charge, wherever and whenever desired. Address all orders and letter to

"THE WORLD," 35 *Park Row, N. Y.*

Carriage MANUFACTORY

Centre Hall, Pa.

GEO. B. HARPSTER

Has on had and for sale at the most reasonable rates a splendid stock of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

and every description of Wagons both

PLAIN AND FANCY

warranted to be made of the best and most durable materials, and by the most experienced workmen. All work sent out from the establishment will be found to be of the highest class and sure to give perfect satisfaction. He will also have a fine assortment of

SLEIGHS

of all the newest and most fashionable styles well and carefully made and of the best materials.

An inspection of his work is asked as it is believed that none superior can be found in the country. aug25.tf.

COMMISSIONERS SALE of unseated lands. In pursuance of an act of Assembly passed on the 29th day of March

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRIDAY, JAN. 5, 1872.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends will oblige us by sending in any items of local interest, including deaths, marriages, &c., as such are eagarly read by your friends in the west, many of whom get the Reporter. We would esteem it a favor if our kind patrons would occasionally mail a copy of the Reporter to relatives and acquaintances who formerly lived in Centre county and removed to other parts, which would induce many to become subscribers.

IMPORTANT TO BUSINESS MEN.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side of the county, is now greater than that of any two papers in the county, hence business men who wish to reach the Pennsvalley trade, will advance their own interests, by advertising in the REPORTER. Our subscription list is open to the inspection of all who wish to advertise.

GOLDEN FOUNTAIN PEN.—Something new and novel. Be sure and read the advertisement in our paper, headed "Greatest Invention of the Age." We believe the Golden Fountain Pen is unsurpassed. A good pen is a necessity to every man, woman and child. Agents, here is a chance to make money in introducing a good and saleable article. jan 27 y.

Don't suffer your hair to fall off when a bottle or two of Nature's Hair Restorative will check it. Splendidly perfumed and as clear as crystal. All wide awake druggists sell it. See advertisement. 2t.

We are in receipt of Vick's Illustrated Catalogue and Floral Guide for 1872. It is decidedly the handsomest printed work we have seen this year. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, in two colors, and illustrated with over two hundred engravings of flowers and vegetables, and two colored plates. It contains over 112 pages, and is the most perfect and beautiful Catalogue and Floral Guide in the world. Send ten cents to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

We had a Christmas turkey. Thanks for it to Judge Love who always has a kind heart for everybody, and for a democratic editor in particular. The Judge presented us with a fine specimen of the bird who spoke the pure gool-lool-lool varnacular with grammatical precision, and, of course, we sent him to the gu-gu-guillotine. We prized this bird all the higher because he came without the begging resorted to by many editors, a little before thanksgiving and christmas, which is such a detestable habit. Long life to our friend, Judge Love.

Mr. Geo. W. Condo, formerly of Aaronsburg, runs the express passenger train from Indianapolis to St. Louis. Were glad to hear from you, George, and thank you for your kind offer, and are sorry that circumstances will not just now permit us to accept.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." All subscribers back on their subscriptions over one year, will please pay up, we need the money.

The doctors have evidently got on the "*more* :"

Our young friend, Dr. Frank Vanvalzah, son of Dr. Vanvalzah, of Spring Mills, has located at Potters Mills.

Dr. Shep Vanvalzah intends removing from Boalsburg, to Mifflinburg, where he intends to embark in a new business that is to be opened there. Dr. John Woods takes the opening thus made at Boalsburg.

Dr. David Mingle has located at Millheim.

Dr. *Houtz* has located himself at Sugar Valley.

One of the most precious commodities in portions of Ohio at this time is water—almost as precious and as difficult to obtain as bread and meat. We learn from a private letter that in portions of Central Ohio, every well and spring is dry, and the storms afford but a scanty supply, many people being compelled to haul their supplies for ordinary use four or five miles.

BEARS KILLED.—Our friend, Mr. David Shaffer, of Madisonburg, writes us, Dec. 26th:

Mr. Fred. Kurtz—Sir:—On last Saturday Mr. Daniel Roush went out to hunt deer, on Nittany mountain, north of this place. His dogs scented a bear, and were thereby led to a tree, which, upon examination, contained three bears, one old one, and two cubs. Five shots from his 16-shooter killed the three.

HOW IT WORKS.—A few days ago, a merchant who has advertised freely in the REPORTER, for the last three years, told us he felt its good effects and that it paid him well. The Reporter, on account of its large circulation in our county, is now the best advertising medium in the same.

RECORDING DEEDS.—An instance showing the importance of recording deeds within six months from the time of their execution, has just occured in Delaware county—which it will be well to heed here. Property was purchased by one brother from another, and the money paid in monthly instalments. In the meantime the seller failed, and the deed of the purchase not being on record. The same property seized by the Sheriff, and the probabilities now are that the rightful owner will lose it.

Mr. Dopp, Associate Judge of Centre county, informs us that his mother is in her ninety-sixth year, and in possession of good health, and converses freely of events that occurred nearly a hundred years ago. He says in the prime of life, she journeyed with her parents from Winchester, Va., to see the last remains of the "Father of our Country" consigned to earth. She is now living in Scot county, Indiana.—*Standaad.*

HOW IS IT.—We heard it asserted, that Mr. Bisel, the merchant at Lock Haven, who died there a short time ago, of small-pox, had offered $200 to any person, who would attend him two days, but without avail; also that in another family where a son was down with the same disease, he was deserted by his own family and left to die, and that small-pox patients are almost totally neglected, for want of any one to administer unto them. This were shocking if true; and we trust, and believe, for the good name of that city, that such assertions are false. We were led to believe, from the regulations made by the city authorities, that everything was done there that could be expected of a christian community, to assist such as are unfortunate enough to take the small-pox. We trust that Mayor Mackey has done more than put good regulations down on paper: we know him too well not to believe that he has his regulations enforced. But such are the rumors that reach us, and we mention them here so that our cotemporaries of Lock Haven may have an opportunity to contradict them if false.

Some the of railroad hands had a merry christmas. The boys got steam up pretty high, and several fights were the result at the Fort, on christmas, and quite a row in our town, in the evening of the same day. Some blood was tapped, but fortunately no one was seriously hurt.

MISSIONARY TO INDIA FROM CENTRE HALL.—On Saturday morning, 30th ult., Rev. J. H. Harspter left this place for New York, from whence he will sail for India, as a missionary under the auspices of the General Synod of the Lutheran Church of the U. S. Mr. Harspter will be accompanied by Rev. Unangst, who has already labored for 14 years with the most gratifying success, among the heathen of that far-off and benighted land, and who had returned again to this country about a year ago, with his family consisting of wife and three children that the latter might be properly educated under the care of their mother, and hence, open this second trip to the old field of his labors in the great missionary work, Mr. Unangst will not be accompanied by his family. Rev's Unangst and Harspter, will be the only missionaries of the Lutheran Church in India—it requires courage, self-denial and sacrifices of no ordinary character for one to undertake this in that distant portion of the world, and hence the candidates are few. These men go, in obedience to the command of the Master—they go cheerfully, leaving behind them kind friends, dear relatives, comfortable homes, and a great and glorious country, for the sake of saving the souls of an idolatrous people in a far off country. May God bless them and their labors. Their route will be from New York to Southampton; thence through France to Marsailles, thence by the Mediterranean sea to the Holy Land, where they will spend about a month in visiting Jerusalem and other places of note in the land where shone the star of Behlehem, after which they will proceed by the Suez canal to India, where they will plant the standard of a Saviour unknown to hundreds of millions, but for whose redemption he died. With the blessing of God, we trust brother Harpster may go on and conquer in the holycause, until he carries that standard to the metropolis of Orissa, one of the chief places of pilgrimage in India, where sits enthroned, in a temple erected in honor of Vishnu, the idol of this Hindu god, called Jaggernaut, (*i. e.*) lord of the world, made by heathen hands.

On Friday evening, previous to the departure of our young friend and townsman, Rev. Harpster, a missionary meeting was held in the Lutheran church of this place. Present were Rev. Edmund Wolf of Baltimore, Revs. Harspter and Miller. Addresses fitting such an occasion were made by each of these ministers, Rev. Harpster closing his remarks with a touching farewell to his relatives and friends. The exercises were opened by the choir singing that glorious old hymn, "From Greenlands icy mountains," and at the close of the addreses was announced the hymn, "Yes, my native land, I love thee," after the benediction, many of those present went forward to bid Mr. Harspter good-bye, and give him, probaly their last expressions of love and esteem, wishes for a happy voyage and success in the good work, he has voluntarily undertaken. Centre Hall feels proud in the honor that is hers of having furnished a missionary to such a field; and far greater honor is due to him who has thus gone from our midst, and the "Giver of all good gifts," will amply reward him—he goes in obedience to His command, "to preach the Gospel to all mankind."

Rev. Harpster's address in India, will be "*Guntur, Madras Presidency, India*, via Southampton. It will take letters about 45 days to reach him from this country. He will be a correspondent of the REPORTER, and being a young man of talent and highly intelligent, his letter will be highly interesting to all, and be read with eagerness. His first letter will relate to us what he saw in the Holy Land. A spertaining to the subject of this article, we copy the following from a Baltimore paper:

ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.—Services connected with the ordination of Rev. J. H. Harspter, a licentiate of the Maryland Synod of the English Lutheran Church, who designs going to India as a missionary, took place last night at St. Mark's Lutheran Church, on Eutaw street, between Saratoga and Mulberry streets. Among the ministers present were Rev. Dr. Sadtler, president of the Maryland Synod; Rev. Dr. Albert of Germantown, Pa.; Rev. Dr. Wedekind, chairman of the foreign mission board; Rev. Dr. Unangst, fourteen years a missionary in India; Rev. Prof. Baugher, Rev. Dr. Morris, Rev. Dr. McCrom, Rev. Mr. Butler, chaplain of the House of Representatives; Rev. Mr. Stork, Rev. Mr. Wenner, of New York, and others.

The introductory services were conducted by Prof. Baugher; after which a sermon, having special reference to the occasion, was preached by Rev. Dr. Albert, from the 3rd verse of 2nd chapter of Acts. After the sermon the candidate for ordination came forward to the alter, and the ordination service from the ritual was then conducted by Rev. Dr. Sadtler, who, with Rev. Dr. Wedekind, Rev. Mr. Unangst and Rev. P. Bergstresser, performed the impressive ceremony of laying on of hands. Rev. Mr. Bergstresser presented the newly ordained with a certificate of ordination.

Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Unangst and the newly ordained minister. Rev. Mr. Harspter will leave with Rev. Mr. Unangst for India on the 6th of January. He is from Centre Hall, Pa., is about twenty eight years of age, and served during the late war as a captain in the Union army. The missionaries propose going to India by the overland route, and will visit Jerusalem on the way out. Before the conclusion of the services last night the rewas exhibited three fine sets of silver communion service, all presented by members of the Church of the Messiah, in Philadelphia, one by Rev. Dr. Conrad and wife, to be sent to the church at Guntes, India; one by Miss Kitzmiller, to be sent to the church at Palnoud, Hindostan, and the other by Rev. Dr. Stalk, to be sent to the church at Muhlenberg Africa. The sets assigned for the churches in India will be sent along with Bev. Messrs. Unangst and Harspter, and the other will be sent to Africa by steamer.

The REPORTER has the largest power press in central Pennsylvania.

We wish all the readers of Reporter a happy, happy New Year. May 1872 have health and prosperity for all, and may peace reign on earth and good will among all its inhabitants, is our wish.

Sarah Seymour, aged 15 years, of Atlatwp., Bradford county, Pa., after six years piece work, has finished a bed quilt containing five thousand three hundred and fifty-five pieces

And when Sarah gets married, that quilt will not keep her and her "honey" any warmer than any other quilt of four thousand less pieces. Your quilt Sarah, has just 5325 pieces more than necessary, and five years nine months of useless labor spent upon it; at this rate, Sarah, if you intend getting married, you must commence work three years before hand, on your first cradle quilt. We would not advise any of our Centre county girls to spend so much precious time, upon such articles.

SABBATH SCHOOL FESTIVAL.—The Festival of the Aaronsburg Reformed Sabbath School, on new year's evening, was a grand affair and a perfect success. The church was crowded, and the best of order prevailed.

The church was tastefully decorated with evergreen, and appropriate mottoes were inscribed around the facing of the galleries. Front of the pulpit was a fine tree, groaning with gifts the cost of which was not less than $200, and which were duly distributed to a delighted and happy school. Some of the teachers received very handsome presents from their classes. Short and appropriate addresses were delivered by Prof. Kieffer, Rev's Engle and Reiter. The music, under the lead of *Hon.* J. G. Meyers, was charming; and your correspondent was espeically pleased with the performance of two pieces from Christmas Chimes, "The Star of Bethlehem" and "The Babe of Bethlehem." All concerned were pleased, and the affair, upon the whole, is very creditable to the school.

A SPECTATOR.

FESTIVAL.—The Penn Hall U. S. S. held its annual festival in the Academy, on new-years evening. The house was filled at an early hour. The exercises opened with a piece of music by the school. Gen. Buchanan, in behalf of the school expressed his happiness in so many present; also kind words of welcome to our worthy friend, Rev. D. M. Wolf, who responded in an eloquent and interesting address. The tree, groaning with luscious gifts, was then striped of its presents for the scholars and teachers. After the school gifts some private gifts were bestowed on Rev. D. M. Wolf, Gen. Buchanan, W. G. M Cool, Mrs. Guise, Miss C. Herring, Miss L. Miller, and others.

Much credit is due Gen. Buchanan, J. B. Fisher, Wm. Wolf, Mrs. Guise, Mrs. Hanna, and a host of ladies and gentlemen who labored so faithfully to make it a success. W.

The Madisonburg Sabbath school had a fine Christmas tree and Festival on christmas evening.

SUDDEN DEATH.—On last Tuesday Mr. Houtz, of Benner twp., while driving through Boalsburg in company with his wife, dropped dead in his wagon opposite Dr. VanValzah's office. His death was caused by heart disease.

Teachers Institute.

CHURCHVILLE Dec. 1871.—The third Semi-monthly Institute of Potter township, was held at the above place, Saturday Dec. 16th. After roll-call and devotional exercises, the minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. Quite a large attendance of both teachers and citizens graced the meeting with their presence. Before the regular programme opened, T. J. Frederick read an interesting essay, entitled "The Pennsylvania School System."

Under the head of School Government, the following questions were put and answered: What is the best method of teaching the Alphabet,—Mr. McAlroy detailed his experience in an interesting manner. In what does the perfect organization of a school consist? Opened by J. L. Spangler. After a detailed account of proper claufication, manner of calling out and dismissing classes, mode of recitation, recess, regulation of talking, leaving seats, play on the grounds, conduct on streets &c, he concluded that there were two radical draw backs to a perfect organization of our schools: Irregularity of attendance and shortness of term. Frederick Runkle, Stevenson, and others freeley expressed their views on disputed points of propriety.

After the postponement of Election by Mr. Stevenson till our next meeting, Mr. Spangler sketched the "Senses and Sensation," on the board for drill and discussion. On account of its length we cannot publish it.

The order of exercises was then read as follows: Essay, J. L. Spangler, Elocution, S. F. Stevenson, and conception and Perception in Mental Science, on motion of J. L Spangler it was moved that the nineteen teachers of Potter township close their schools on Christmas week and attend the county Institute *en masse*.

Adjourned to meet at Potters Mills, Saturday after Institute, 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Secretary is glad to state through J. L. Spangler for the benefit of the teachers, that the school Board will pay each teacher three dollars for attending the County Institute three days in succession Teachers, take notice!

W. V. RUNKLE Sec.
J. T. FREDERICK, Pres.

ACCIDENTS.—On last Friday, whilst a German pedlar of Bellefonte was driving through Aaronsburg, his horse ran off, and turning towards the side walks, his wagon struck a tree in front of Mingle's store hurling the pedlar upon the pavement, cutting and bruising his face severely.

A railroader from the Emerald Isle, having a load of benzine on, at Millheim on last Saturday evening, lost his equilibrium, and in falling received a terrible gash on the side of his face.

CENTRE HALL

FOUNDRY

and

Machine Shops.

Van Pelt & Co.

The undersigned, having leased the above establishment, announce to the public that the same will be carried on in all its various branches, as a

FOUNDRY, MACHINE SHOP, and Manufactory of Agricultural Implements,

They are prepared to fill, upon shortest notice, all orders for

Horse Powers
Threshing Machines

Hay Rakes,

PLOWS and Plow Castings of every description, all kinds of Castings made and fitted up for Mills, Forges, Furnaces, Factories, &c.

Also, everything in the line of SHAFTINGS, PULLIES HANGERS, in Iron or Brass.

We employ the best Patternmakers. Our Patterns are new and of the latest improved plans.

Also manufacture the unrivalled

ROUGH & READY *Corn Planter,*

which is the best now made.

All orders by mail promptly attended to 1dec71tf

USE

PAIN CURE OIL.

"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT"

FOR

Pains, Sores, Wounds and Lameness.

BUY IT! TRY IT!

For Fever and Ague, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Rheumatism, . . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Neuralgia, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Fever Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Cholera Morbus, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Sprains, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Headache, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Bruises, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Corns and Bunions, Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Lameness, . . Use Pain Cure Oil.

Every Bottle Warranted.

And we challenge the world to produce its equal. Used Externally and Internally for

MAN AND BEAST.

Ask for PAIN CURE OIL. Take no other, for we WARRANT IT TO CURE.

It is not a strong ammonia preparation, but a soothing compound, made from Pure Vegetable Oils, Herbs and Extracts, and is clean and safe to use.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

McCLURE & EATON, PROPRIETORS, Reading, Pa.

We had a little rain towards the close of last week. Monday and Tuesday were delightful days, just like spring; Wednesday cloudy and indications for snow or rain.

DEATHS.

On 31st ult., in Georges Valley, of palsy, Mr. Nicholas Vanada.

On 20th Oct. in Mellville, Clayton co., Iowa, of small pox, Aaron Parker, son of Samuel Parker, of Potters Mills, this county, aged 19 years, 1 month, and 5 days.

On the 31st. ult., in Georges valley, of Apoplexy, Nicholas Venada, aged 58 years, 9 months and 8 days.

MARRIAGES

On the 21st ult., at the residence of the brides parents, by Rev. S. D. Bennington, Mr. John B. Shull, of Cumberland co., Pa., to Miss Sallie E. Wagner, of Potter twp., Centre county, Pa.

On the 21st ult., at the Reformed Parsonage at Bellefonte, by Rev. D. M. Wolf, Mr. Emanuel Roan, of Benner twp., to Miss Rachel M. Duey of Harris twp.

On the 25th ult., at the residence of the brides parents, by D. M. Wolf, Mr. S. J. Lerver, of Redoti. Ill., to Miss Mary A. Harshbarger, of Zion, Pa.

On the 25th ult., at Bellefonte, by J. I. Gephart, Esq., at his office, Mr. John Etters, to Miss Chestie A. Walters, both of Benner twp.

On the 21st ult., at the residence of the brides parents, near Milroy, by the Rev. J. W. White, Mr. James C Runkle, of Potter twp, to Miss Mary J. F. Alexander, of Milroy, Pa.

On the 24th ult., by Rev. M. Sloat, Mr. Michael Decker, to Miss Susan Alters, both of Centre co.

On the 26th ult., by the same Mr. John Dugen of Williamsport, to Miss Susan Beck, of Centre co.

On 21st ult., at Centre Hall Lutheran parsonage, by Rev. J. Keller Miller, Mr. Howard Homan, and Miss Sarah E. Smith, both of Gregg township.

On the 26th ult., at Lutheran Parsonage, in Centre Hall, by Rev. J. K. Miller, Mr Calvin S. Bottorf, to Miss E. L. Lukenbach, both of Potter twp.,

WAR! WAR!

On High Prices.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

H. R. SMITH,

of Potters Mills.

NEW GOODS!

We would most respectfully infrom his friends, customers, and the public generally, that he has taken possession of Thompson's old quarters, which have been remodeled and improved, and is now prepared to accommodate all who may favor him by calling.

NEW GOODS!

He has just received one of the largest stocks of all kinds of Merchandize ever brought to Centre county, which he intends to sell at such figures as will make it an object for all persons to purchase. Families laying in winter supplies of Groceries, Dry Goods, &c., should not fail to give him a call, as he feels confident his prices and superior quality of goods will amply satisfy all. His stock of

GROCERIES

consists of Coffees of the best quality, Teas, Sugars of all kinds, Molasses, Fish, Salt, Cheese, Dried Fruit, Spices, Provisions, Flour and Feed, &c., &c. Our stock of

DRY GOODS

is large and varied, and we will just say can supply any article in that line, without enumerating.

READY MADE CLOTHING

a large stock of ready-made Clothing for Men and Boys' wear, which we will dispose of at a very small advance on cost.

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hardware, Queensware, Wood and Willow Ware, Notions, Fancy Goods, Carpets, Oil cloths, Wall Papers, Window Shades, &c., oct28 1y.

CENTRE HALL

WM. J. M'Manigal

WHOLESALE *and* RETAIL

DEALER IN

Foreign & Domestic

HARDWARE,

IN HIS NEW BUILDING

Milroy

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED in

Nails,
Nails,
Nails,
Nails!

Glass,
Glass,
Glass,
Glass!

Locks,
Locks,
Locks,
Locks!

Hinges,
Hinges,
Hinges,
Hinges!

Screws,
Screws,
Screws,
Screws!

Oil, Paints, & Putty.

Special Inducements

To Carriage Makers & Blacksmiths, for Hubs, Spokes, Rims, Carriage Oil Cloth and Linings,

Iron,
Iron,
Iron,
Iron!

Horseshoes
and Nail Rods,
Blister & Cast Steel,
Horse Nails, and Steel
Toes,

and a very large assortment of Carriage Bolts.

Special Inducements

To Housekeepers for

Wallpaper,

Wallpaper,
Wallpaper!

From 10cts to $1 per bolt.
Coal Hods and Shovels,
Tea Kettles, Pans,
and Skillets, Lard
Cans, Waffle Irons,
Toasters, Butcher Knives,
Bread Knives, all kinds of
Cuttlery,
LAMPS of every description.

Special Inducements

to Carpenters

for Saws, Planes,
Chisels, Drawknives,
Braces and Bitts, &c.

To Farmers

and every body else, for whatever they want in my line. I keep a general assortment of WOOD & WILLOW WARE such as Buckets, Tubs, half Bushels, Peck measures, Baskets, &c. Trunks, Valices, & Traveling bags, Sleigh Bells, Sleigh Runners, Fenders and Shafts.

FARMERS, MERCHANTS, & MECHANICS,

Please give me a call, or send for prices. You will find a general assortment of every thing pertaining to the Hardware trade.

I would ask Painters to give my Varnishes a trial. I have just received from New York a large Stock of Varnishes, such as FURNITURE, COACH, WHITE DEMAR, WEARING BODY, CARRIAGE BODY, DEAIN RUBBING, ASHPHALTUM and JAPANS, J. T. LEWIS & BRO. WHITE LEAD, always on hand.

Orders Respectfully solicited

Wm. J. McManigal.

1dec3m

Stoves! Fire! Stov's!

At Andy Reesman's, Centre Hall, are latest and best stoves out, he has just received a large lot of

Cook Stoves, the Pioneer Cook, the Eclipse Cook, the Reliance Cook.

PARLORS—The Radiant Light, self-feeder, Gas Burner, National Egg, Jewell, &c.

He sells stoves as LOW as anywhere in Mifflin or Centre co.

TIN AND SHEETIRON WARE

The undersigned hereby informs the citizens of Pennsvalley that he has purchased the Tinshop heretofore carried on by the C. H. M'f'g Co., and will continue the same, at the old stand, in all its branches, in the manufacture of

STOVE PIPE & SPOUTING.

All kinds of repairing done. He has always on hand

Fruit Cans, of all Sizes,
BUCKETS,
CUPS,
DIPPERS,
DISHES, &C.

All work warranted and charges reasonable. A share of the public patronage solicited. AND. REESMAN,

2sep70y Centre Hall

NOTICE.

Office of the Lewisburg, Centre and Spruce Creek R. R. Co. Philadelphia June 13th, '71.

Notice is hereby given that the first instalment of five dollars per share, to the capital stock of the Lewisburg, Centre and Spruce Creek Rail Road Co., subscribed in the townships of Harris, Potter, Gregg, Penn and Haines, Centre county, will be payable on the first day of July 1871, and subsequent instalments of five dollars per share, will be due and payable on the first day of each succeeding month until the whole is paid. Payments of the above instalments are hereby required to be made to the treasurer of the Company, at the office of the Centre County Banking Company Bellefonte Pa.

JOSEPH LESLEY, Treasurer.

N. B. Any person desiring can pay the whole off at once. If payments are not punctually made the law allows one per cent. per month to be charged in addition.

CENTRE HALL

Coach Manufactory.

Levi Murray,

at his establishment at Centre Hall, Pa., keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates a large stock of

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,

PLAIN and FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and Warranted, to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. apr28 1y.

NEW HARDWARE STORE!

J. & J. HARRIS.

NO. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW

A new and complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Brockerhoff's new building—where they are prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails.

Buggy wheels in setts, Champion Clothes Wringer, Mill Saws, Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Ice Cream Freezers, Bath Tubs, Clothes Racks, a ful. assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate of all sizes, Picture Frames, Wheelbarrows, Lamps, Coal Oil Lamps, Belting, Spokes Felloes, and Hubs, Plows, Cultivators, Corn Plows, Plow Points, Shear Mold Boards and Cultivator Teeth, Table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Lard, Lubricating, Coal, Linseed, Tanners, Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Screw Plates, Blacksmiths Tools, Factory Bells, House Bells, Dinner Bells, Gong Bells, Tea Bells, Grindstones, Carpenter Tools, Fruit Jars and Cans, Paints, Oils, Varnishes received and for sale at

junes'68,1y. J. & J. HARRIS.

ZELLER & JARRETT

dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS

also all the

STANDARD PATENT MEDICINES.

A very large assortment of TOILET ARTICLES, FANCY Goods Soaps, &c., &c.,

The finest quality of RAZOR STEEL, POCKET KNIVES, SCISSORS and RAZORS.

WALL PAPER IN GREAT VARIETY.

PRESCRIPTIONS, compounded by competent druggists at all hours, day or night.

Night customers pu l night bell.

ZELLER & JARRETT,
Bishop St., Bellefonte Pa.

jun18 1

CENTRE HALL

Tan Yard.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Centre county, that the above Tan Yard will again be put in full operation, in all its branches, by them.

HIDES AND BARK WANTED.

The highest market price will be paid for Hides of all kinds. The highest market price will also be paid for Tanner's Bark. The public patronage is solicited Satisfaction guaranteed.

dec1,9tf MILLER & BADGER.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,

Allegheney Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

D. JOHNSON & SONS, Proprietors.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL, COMFORTABLE ROOMS PROMPT ATENDANCE. ALL THE MODERN CONVENIENCES—AND REASONABLE Charges.

The proprietors offer to the traveling public, and to their country friends, first class accommodations and careful attention to the wants of guests at all times, at fair rates. Carefulhostlers and good stable for horses. An excellent table well served. A Bar supplied with fine liquors. Servants well trained and everything requisite in a first class Hotel. Our location is in the business part of the town, near the Post Office, the Court House, the Churches, the Banks, and the principal places of business, renders it the most eligible place for those who visit Bellefoote on business or pleasure.

An Omnibus will carry passengers and baggage to and from all trains free of charge.

DOUBLE AND SINGLE BARREL fowling pieces at

ap10'68. IRWIN & WILSON.

LAND AT PRIVATE SALE.

A lot of land, lying in Gregg township, on the banks of Penns creek, between Penn Hall and Spring Mills, is offered at private sale. It adjoins lands of Geo. Buchanan and L. B. M'Intire, containing

24 ACRES

more or less. About 8 acres consist of first class white pine timber, the balance cleared and under cultivation—5 acres are meadow.

For further particulars apply to

C. H. HENNICK,
13oct,tf Gregg twp.

Young and Devling.

CITY STORE.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

The largest and best assortment of

Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Boots, & Shoes, Notions &c.

in the county, give us a trial and save from 15 to 20 per cent. on your purchases. july28.

Graham & Son,

Boot & Shoe Makers

Next door to Wagoner & Son's Store Bellefonte.

We manufacture to order.
Our work is neat and durable
Our prices are very moderate.
We warrant to give satisfaction.
We have the LARGEST and BEST stock of Ladie's and Children's shoes in town.
We are receiving goods every week.
We wish an examination of our goods.

The Pennsvalley trade is especially invited to call and see our stock, we think we can please all who call as to styles, quality, and prices. We study to render satisfaction, and although we have had an extended trade for years, we have never given a customer cause to complain.

sept15.tf.

A. BAUM, REYNOLD'S NEW MARBLE FRONT, BISHOP ST., Bellefonte.

WINES AND LIQUORS

The subscriber respectfully calls the attention of the public to his establishm nt, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of Foreign and Domestic Liquors' wholesale at the lowest cash prices, which are warranted to be the best qualities according to their respective prices. His stock consists of Rye, Monongahela, Irish and other Whiskies, all kinds of Brandies, Holland Gin, Port, Maderia, Cherry, Blackberry and other Wines—the best articles—at as reasonable rates as can be had in the city. Champagne, Cherry, Blackberry, Ginger and Carraway Brandies, Pure Jamaica and New England Rum, Cordial of all kinds. He would particularly invite Farmers, Hotel keepers and others to call and examine his large supply, to judge for themselves and be certain of procuring what they buy, which can seldom be done when purchasing in the city.

Physicians are respectfully requested to give his liquors a trial. ap10

Wall Paper, cheap

from 12 to 20 cents per bolt at Herlacher'

BUFFALO SCALES, of the best make from 4 lbs up to 120,0001 bs.

ap10'68. IRWIN & WILSON.

DRY BOARDS, Plank and Scantling for sale by IRWIN & WILSON.

ap10'68.

CROSS-CUT AND MILL SAWS, be make at IRWIN & WILSON.

ap10'68

PUMPS!

Wooden Pumps,

AND

PIPING.

The undersigned would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Centre county, and Pennsvalley in particular, to the fact that he is manufacturing

THE BEST PUMP,

made at home or elsewhere. He uses none but the best material, HE WARRENTS THEM to give satisfaction, as being the most lasting and durable, SUPERIOR TO THE OLD wooden pump, being arranged to let the water off and prevent freezing in winter. Pine, poplar or cucumber pumps always on hand. His matirial for pumps is all sawed from large timber, and are thus Secured against Checking or Cracking.

All orders by mail promptly filled.

PIPING, made of the best material, of five inch scantling, joined together with coupling blocks, thoroughly banded, and warranted to stand any pressure required for ordinary use. Prices of piping range from 12 to 18 cents per foot. Send orders to sept.30.1y J. TELLER, Milesburg, Pa.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Meslame Reese, of Gregg township, County of Centre, Penn'a, by deed of voluntary assignment, has assigned all the estate, real and personal, of the said Meslame Reese, to John Rishel, Gregg township, county and State aforsaid, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said Meslame Reese. All persons, therefore, indebted to the said Meslame Reese will make payment to the said Assignee, and those having claims or demands, will make known the same without delay.

15dec.6t JOHN RISHEL, Assignee.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has a tract of timberland, located between the Brush and Thick Mountains, nearly due south of Rebersburg, containing 171 acres, which he offers for sale. It is well timbered, and easy of access from Brush Valley.

For all desired information call on the undersigned.

C. H. REITER.
13oct.tf Aaronsburg, Pa.

MILLER'S HOTEL, Woodward, Pa. Stages arrive and depart daily.

This favorite hotel is now in every respect one of the most pleasant country hotels in central Pennsylvania. The traveling community will always find the best accommodation. Drovers can at all times be accommodated with stables and pasture for any number of cattle or horses.

july3'68tf GEO. MILLER.

SPINDLE SKEINS for wagons, all sizes, at the sign of the Anvil.

ap10'68. IRWIN & WILSON.

LAMPS OF EVERY VARIETY and kind at

ap10'68 IRWIN & WILSON'S.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.—Letters Testamentary on the Estate of John Emert, late of Harris township dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOSIAH NEFF, Executor.

nov24.6t.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers at private sale his house and lot, situate on Church street, Centre Hall. The house is a new two story frame building, one of the finest in the neighborhood, and in one of the best locations in the town. There is a new stable upon the lot. For futher particulars apply to ALEX. SHANNON.

sept22.tf.

The First and the Best!

The Largest & *CHEAPEST* *stock of*

FALL GOODS!

JUST UNPACKING at

KELLER & MUSSER,

In Brockerhoff's block, Bishop Street, Bellefonte, where

have just opened the best, cheapest larges as well as the best assorted stock of Goods in Bellefonte.

HERE LADIES,

Is the place to buy your Silks, Mohairs Mozambiques, Reps, Alpacas, Delains, Lans, Brilliants, Muslins, Calicoes, Tickings, Flanels, Opera Flanels, Ladies Coating, Gents' Cloths, Ladies Sacques, White Pekay, Linen Table Cloths, Counterpanes Crib Counterpanes, White and Colored Tarlton, Napkins, Insertings and Edgings White Laces, Curtins, Zephyr & Zephyr Patterns, Tidy Cotton, Shawls, Work Basket HOOP SKIRTS,

Thread Hosiery, Fans, Beads, Sewing LADIES AND MISSES SHOES FANCY GOODS OR NOTION LINE

FOR GENTLEMEN,

Ready made Clothing of Every Discription, for Men and Boys.

Their stock of QUEENSWARE & GROCERIES cannot be excelled in quality or price.

Call in at the Philadelphia Store and convince yourselves that KELLER & MUSSER have any thing you want, and do business on the principle of "Quick Sales and Small Profits." ap30,69

GRAIN AND PRODUCE ARE TAKEN

GREAT FLOOD!

Tuns of Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Hardware, Ready-made Clothing, and thousands of other articles

CARRIED OFF AND LANDED AT the Cheap Store of

Herlacher & Cronmiller,

CENTRE HALL, PA

and now offered at prices lower than the lowest.

Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Wood and willow ware Iron, Salt, Fish and in fact, a magnificent assortment of everything

GOODS VERY NEAR AT THE

OLD PRICES.

Dress Goods

A most beautiful variety, consisting of all the novelttes of the season, white goods, embroideries, hoop skirts, BALMORAL SKIRTS,

All we ask that you will CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK ALL KINDS OF HARNESS, silver plated and Yankee Harness double and single, bridles and halters. apr 1

A CARD.—We have removed opposite to the Bush House and are selling out our stock left from the fire at bargains. We are settling up our books and accounts and will be much obliged to one and all to call and settle their accounts. We would say to our numerous friends and customers, to please accept our sincere thanks for the generous patronage they have always bestowed on us.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Great Attraction and Great Bargains!

THE undersigned, determind to meet the popular demand for Lower Prices, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his stock of

SADDLERY,

now offered at the old stand. Designed especially for the people and the times, the largest and most varied and complete assortment of

Saddles, Harness, Collars, Bridles, of every description and quality; Whips, and in fact everything complete to a first-class establishment, he now offers at prices which will suit the times.

If better variety, a better quality or finer style of Saddlery has never before been offered to the public. Call and examine our tock and be satisfied before purchasings elsewhere.

Determined to please my patrons and thankful for the liberal share of patronage heretofore enjoyed. I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

JACOB DINGES, Centre Hall

IRWIN & WILSON are constantly receiving new goods in their line

HARDWARE

of every description at reduced prices—now being opened every day ap10'68.

J. B. ETTELE'S

WHOLESALE WINE & LIQUOR STORE

Bishop street, Bellefonte, in the Stone building formerly occupied by the Keystone Bakery.

Takes pleasure in informing the public that he keeps constantly on hand a supply of choice Foreign and Domestic Liquors.

All Barrels, Kegs and Casks warranted to contain the quantity represented.

The attention of practicing physicians is called to his stock of

PURE LIQUORS,

suitable for medical purposes. Bottles, jugs, and demijohns constantly on hand. He has the ONLY PURE NECTAR WHISKY in town.

All liquors are warranted to give satisfaction. Liquors will be sold by the quart, barrel, or tierce. He has a large lot or

BOTTLED LIQUORS

Of the finest grades on hand.

Confident that he can please customers he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage my14tf

COACH MANUFACTORY.

HARDMAN PHILLIPS,

AT HIS manufacturing establishment at Yeagertown, on the Lewistown and Bellefonte Turnpike, has now on hand a fine stock of Carriages, Buggies, Sulkies and Spring

Christmas, 1871.

Lo! now is come our joyfullest feast
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves be dressed,
And every post with holly.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke
And Christmas logs are burning,
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.

Without the door let Sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be jolly.

Farm, Garden and Household.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR EAR-ACHE.—No house should be without a bottle of arnica. It is indispensable in case of cuts, burns and bruises, and in ear-ache it is a sovereign cure. As soon as any soreness is felt in the ear—which feeling almost always precedes the regular "ache"—let three or four drops of tincture of arnica be poured in, and then the orifice filled with a little cotton to exclude the air, and in a short time the uneasiness is forgotten. If it is not resorted to until there is actual pain, the cure may not be so speedy, but is just as certain. If one application of the arnica does not effect a cure, it will be necessary to repeat it, it may be several times. It is a sure preventive for gathering in the ear, which is the usual cause of ear-ache. We have never yet known any harm or serious inconvenience to attend this use of arnica; though, if the spirits with which it is made are very strong, it may be diluted with a little water, as the spirits—not the arnica—will sometimes cause a temporary dizziness of the head, which is unpleasant.

RAISING CALVES.—The method which we have used in rearing calves may be found to possess some interest to readers of the *Rural New Yorker*. With us it has proved uniformly successful and satisfactory. The calves are selected as much for the good qualities of their dams as for their individual excellence, and are allowed to remain with the cow from two to three weeks. We never remove a calf in bitter cold weather, as its welfare depends in a great measure upon the start it gets; and if it is worth raising at all, it is worth giving a good start. At first it is offered warm, skim milk. This it generally refuses the first meal, and sometimes the second, but rarely oftener. We never allow them to suck the fingers, and save many a cold and aching hand. They readily learn to drink by themselves, thereby thriving much better, and costing much less trouble. As soon as possible a little bran is mixed with the skim milk, and shortly afterward thick milk is substituted for the skim milk. The quantity is increased until the calf receives about five quarts of milk and a pint of meal a day. We use equal parts of bran and corn meal, or corn and oats. The drink is always warmed in cold weather by mixing with hot water. Calves fed in this manner, and having plenty of cool hay, will weigh from 500 to 550 pounds at eight months old. They are then weaned, and continue to thrive on good hay and grass alone, the heifers having the calf of their own at 22 or 23 months old, and being fully able to do so. This method is used on an ordinary farm, with medium sized, good milking, native and grade cattle.

An Unreported Conversation.

During the Grand Duke Alexis's walks through the Bridgeport cartridge factory, he pointed to several workingmen and inquired of Governor Jewell, "Are these men what you call the common people?" The Governor replied that they were a fair specimen of the working classes of this country. "But do you mean to say that these get into official position?" further asked the imperial scion. "Perhaps not any of these men," rejoined Governor Jewell; "but men of their class do; they are educated men, most of them—that is, they can all probably read and write, and most of them take and read the newspapers." "Do you know of any case where such men have actually been elected to office?" again queried the curious Alexis. "O certainly," the Governor said; "I myself, worked in the shop as a tanner till I was twenty years of age;" and the announcement seemed a puzzle to the Duke a good deal. Here was the Governor of a State, as well dressed and well appearing as himself, who had actually worked in a shop, and this man was welcoming him in behalf of a hundred thousand voters; it was more of an enigma than the boy had gibbered on previously; but as he goes through the country he will ascertain, upon inquiring, that very many of the public men here have come direct from the workshop. In Massachusetts, where he is now visiting, Governor Claflin was a shoemaker, Senator Wilson was a cobbler also, and General Banks was a machinist.—*Hartford Courant.*

The Jews in Jerusalem.

In Jerusalem, as in Rome and elsewhere the Jews are shut up in a separate quarter, and *that* the meanest, darkest, filthiest. One twilight I came unexpected into their settlement. It was a mud lane, lined with hovels, through which a funeral procession was slowly moving, the body borne on men's shoulders in the dress of life, a perfect tatterdemalion crew waiting as they followed. Coming to the Land of Promise to die, many of them are robbed on the way, and all are preyed upon after they arrive; so that, I apprehend, nothing is more real about them than their wretchedness. They have no counsels to interfere when a tax is exacted the second time in the same year. If injured, they must suffer in silence; if plundered by Arabs, they have no hope of redress. Only conversion would make them outwardly comfortable, and that they hate as perdition. Generous help is constantly sent them from abroad, but none two much, though the amusing story is told of Sir Moses Montefiore having spent all his money in alms at Jerusalem, and being obliged to borrow at usurious interest from one of the beggars he had relieved, that he might get back to London.—*E. W. Howland, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

SOMETIME.—It is a sweet, sweet song, warbled to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, and filling the whole air with such joy and gladness, as the songs of birds in when the summer morning comes out of darkness, and day is born on the mountains. We have all possessions in the future, which we call 'sometime.' Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear the other. But, O reader! be of good cheer, for to all the good there is a golden 'sometime;' when the hills and valleys of time are all passed; when the wear and fever, the disappointment and sorrow of life are over; then there is the place and the rest appointed by God. A homestead! over whose roof fall no shadows or even clouds, and over whose threshhold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon the eternal hills, and standing with the spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no more sorrow nor pain, nor the sound of weeping—sometime!

NUMBER OF LANGUAGES SPOKEN.—The number of languages spoken is 3,064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One quarter of them die before the age of 9. One-half before the age of 17. Of every 1,000 persons, one only reach 100 years. To every 100, only 9 reaches 65 years; and not more than 1 in 500 reaches the age of 80 years. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these 33,333,333 die every year; 7,780 every hour, and 60 every minute—or one every second. These losses are about balanced by the number of birth.

WAGES IN ENGLAND.—Different classes of workmen in Chatham Dockyard have sent up petitions to the Lords of the Admiralty asking for an increase of wages. No replies have yet been received by the officers for the men. The laborers assert that higher wages are urgently needed from the dearness of provisions, their pay now being $3.50 per week.

A Christmas Poem.

THE SOLILOQUIES OF JIMMY SMITH, AGED NINE.

I wonder if the minister
Ain't almost through? He ought to be.
He'd preach four hours, straight ahead,
If people'd listen, seems to me.

I guess he don't remember how
He used to feel, when *he* was small.
I'd sneak out, if I only dared,
And thought ma wouldn't care at all.

I wonder how the turkey 'll taste;
I wonder which of us will get
The wishbone. Lucy's such a pig,
She'll grumble if she don't, I'll bet.

I wish Aunt Mary and the boys
Had staid at home; I don't see why
They had to come—of course, I can't
Be helped, three times to oyster pie.

Now they are here; the oranges
I'm pretty sure won't go twice 'round.
It's just my luck—well, I don't care;
I'll grab the biggest, that I'm bound.

I mean to taste of everything
That's on the table. How I wish
I was as thin as Uncle John!
Then I could clean out every dish.

I'm awful hungry; I'll make up
For it, if it should take all night.
Oh, dear! just think, if after all,
I shouldn't have an appetite!

There, now they're goin' to sing the hymn,—
You won't catch Jimmy Smith about
These diggings any longer, cause
He'll cut for home when meetin's out.

SEVEN P. M.

I wonder what the doctor said
To ma, behind the closet door;
She does get out an awful cough—
Hope they won't give me any more;

They're taking down, I do believe,
Most everything that's on the shelves.
I guess they wouldn't, if they had
To take the nasty things themselves.

There comes the paragoric; there,
The little bottle's full of gin.
Ger! There's the peppermint.
I hope they'll put some sugar in.

That looks like lpecac; and that
Is laudanum, I guess, or squills.
They'll find it pretty hard to make
Me take those horrid camphor pills.

Oh, dear! I wish some other boy
Could have the pain that's in my head;
I wish Tom Jones or Billy Grey,
Instead of me, was sick in bed.

I wish I hadn't gone without
My breakfast, 'cause it doesn't pay
To starve yourself, and then to stuff—
I won't on my *next* Christmas Day!

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

It was Christmas Eve all, over the world. In a thousand homes loving hearts, happy or sad, were filled with thoughts of kindness, and sympathy, and love. Busy hands were weaving offerings for the morrow, and busy feet were hastening homeward to cheerful, waiting firesides. In a pleasant homestead a young girl of sixteen was busily engaged in adding the finishing touches to some dainty bit of workmanship. She formed a pretty picture herself, as she sat curled up in the deep window sill, where the fire-light, brightening in the twilight, flashed its warm color over her shining hair and delicate cheek. Her soft, dark eyes shone with a subdued but earnest light, and the little figure managed the dainty material of her work with a graceful and deft manipulation attractive to the beholder. The beholder was a gray-haired man, who occupied the great arm-chair in the window corner of the fire-place, and who leaned upon his cane and watched the pretty maiden, fair young Rosamond, at her work, and smiled to think how like she was to another Rosamond he had known, and loved, and buried, in the years so long gone by.

"Keep good watch, Grandpa," said the fresh young voice. "Don't let anybody send along your side 'unbeknownst,' as Biddy says. I'm so afraid Papa will steal a march on me. I wouldn't have him to see this for a pretty. Isn't it a beauty? *Won't* he be pleased with it? Come now, Grandie, dear, don't look so solemn and owlish. It's Christmas Eve. What are you thinking of so deeply?"

The old man looked up and smiled.

"I was thinking, Rosie, of how good and pleasant it is to have Christmas come, and to have one day in all the year on which there is so much good will. I was thinking how all these love gifts that we make to each other, and all the kind feelings we have toward one another, go to form a precious love-gift to the Lord of Christmas. Indeed, the 'peace on earth and good will to man,' that prevails on Christmas Day *is* the 'Glory to God in the Highest.'"

"That's beautiful, Grandie dear," exclaimed the young girl. "It's a genuine Christmas Carol. I always did say that my Grandpa's fireside lectures were sermon and hymn all in one. Oh, dearie me, here comes Papa up the steps, with his arms full of bundles. Let me run." And gathering up her work Rosamond went from the room.

At the same hour that Rosamond's papa ascended the steps of his beautiful home, another father entered the door of an humble cottage not far distant. He bore no Christmas bundles in his arms. His eyes were sad and his manner dejected. Before the cheerful fire, whose ruddy blaze lit up the small, low room, a young girl was kneeling while she toasted slices of bread for the evening meal.

"It's Christmas Eve, Papa," she said, with a lively nod of welcome. "Stoop down and give me a good, sweet, *cool* kiss; this fire is toasting my cheeks as well as the slices. Mamma is putting Bud to bed. He went sound asleep on the rug and *wouldn't* wake up. Tea is all ready. I wish Harry was here."

Maybe it was the cheerful fire-warmth, or maybe the bright young face and cheery tones of the little daughter that wrought the charm—I only know that the sad eyes brightened to a fond smile as the father looked lovingly into the upturned face of his child. The room was cosy and comfortable, although the furniture was plain and the adornments of the simplest kind. The table was spread for tea, and the cloth, and cups and saucers, and plates, were speckless and shining, and laid with scrupulous nicety. The teapot simmered on the hearth, and within a smooth oval of hot ashes lay the mealy brown jackets that were to form the evening meal. The mother entered the room and greeted her husband with a smile. At the same moment a boyish voice was heard at the door, and a pair of stamping feet on the doorstep kept time to a sort of rude melody that the boy's voice sang to the words:

Now it is winter, and I am discontent,
My coat is somewhat like an ugly rent,
And all the snow from off the top of the house
Came down into my bosom—squish-ker-souse.

"Harry Minturn, you noisy young-ster," exclaimed the girl, gayly, as she sprang to open the door, "why, where have you been? You're covered with snow!"

"I should say so," said the boy, shaking himself.

"Dame Hinckly's old slant roof avalanched just as I popped under the eaves—hence my *costchune*. I don't care It's Christmas Eve, and I've earned fifty cents carrying bundles, and have got two jobs for to-morrow. We'll have a Christmas supper if we *don't* have plum-pudding and turkey dinner."

"Sh—sh," interrupted his sister. "Get off your coat and come to tea. We've elegant roast potatoes and toast."

Somehow the brave, cheery boy, and the equally bright and brave sister, made the homely room seem almost radiant, and the sad-eyed father and patient mother sat down to the frugal meal with a Christmas carol of thankfulness in their hearts for the peace that was theirs in the gift of their noble-hearted children. True, they were poor and in sore trouble, but the trouble came not nigh them in the same manner that it had come to some of their neighbors. They had not ungrateful, rebellious children to wring their hearts with anguish. And they chose to praise God for the blessings He had given them, rather than to repine for what He had denied them.

"We must lose the cottage, Mildred," Mr. Minturn said to his wife when alone with her, "but we must not lose our trust in God. Let us sing a hymn of praise. Our home will be sold next week, but we can celebrate our last Christmas in the dear old place with a pleasant sound of carols, can't we?"

When Rosamond went from her grandfather she sought her own room to put by her little treasure.

"A love-gift to the Lord of Christmas," she repeated to herself. "That is beautiful—but I have no such gift. None of mine are meant for him. I never think such good and holy thoughts of myself."

She glanced over the array of presents she had with such interest prepared.

"Something for every one who will be likely to give *me* something," she said aloud. "And I'd never a thought of any one else. *Christ's birthday, and no gift for Christ.*"

At the table Rosamond's father said: "I heard to-day that the Minturn cottage is to be sold next week under a mortgage. Minturn's been unfortunate lately—out of employment so long. It will go hard with him to lose his home. It won't bring over eight hundred dollars at auction, and the mortgage calls for three hundred more. The interest and costs will consume another hundred. He won't have much left."

"What a pity," said Mrs. Gale; "such a good man, and such a nice family. Can't something be done?"

"I don't see what," said Mr. Gale. "Poor Minturns. How sad they must be to-night. It quite spoils my Christmas."

After tea Grandpa called Rosamond into the library.

"Come, Rosie," he said, "what am I to do? It's too hard for our neighbor Minturn to lose his home this way. I *could* help him by making a little sacrifice."

"Oh *do* help him then," said Rosamond.

"But if I do, somebody must needs do without the Christmas present I intended to bestow."

"Well, Grandpa, who would be so selfish as to care?"

"I am afraid my little Rosie will," said Grandpa. "My one gift is intended for her, and it is to cost just four hundred dollars. I have selected it, and intend buying it to-night, and having it sent up in the morning—unless, indeed"——

"Oh, Grandpa! a present for *me* to cost four hundred dollars! *Is it*—is it a new piano? Oh, you dear, beautiful Grandpa. Just what I had so longed for. My old, worn-out hurdy-gurdy is a real trial to me."

She had quite forgotten everything and everybody save the much wished for piano and the generous and doating grandfather. Suddenly she recollected.

"Oh, Grandpa," she said, "I understand you now. Either I must give up the piano or the Minturns must give up their home."

She threw her arms around her grandfather's neck, and hid her face, and the tears that *would* come, upon his shoulder. It was a sharp struggle between self-love and Christ-love. The dear grandpa's words came to her mind—"a love-gift to the Lord of Christmas"—and she whispered, as she kissed the old man's silvery locks, "Dear Grandpa, we will not buy the piano. We will make a love-gift to the Lord instead.

"Rose of the world," murmured her grandfather fondly, "you make my heart sing for joy. No music that you could ever have drawn from the piano I had hoped to give you could have yielded me such delight as does your sweet voice now, when it speaks in accents of unselfish love. It chimes in my heart a true Christmas Carol."

"Then each has sung a carol to the other," said the young girl, her face beaming with smiles, "only mine would never have been sung at all had not yours been sung first. Aren't we happy, Grandie? I feel almost as if it were my home that was saved."

"We musn't be selfish on Christmas Eve. Get me my coat. I'll go down and speak a good word to Minturn," said the good old man. Tears were in *his* eyes now. When Grandpa returned Rosamond was sitting at the old piano, and the family were singing a Christmas Carol—

"Chime, bells, chime.
Glory be to God above—
Christ has come to live and love,
Chime, bells, chime."

"The old hurdy-gurdy sounds splendidly to-night, Gran lie, dear," cried the young girl.

"Rose of the world," said Grandpa, softly, "it is because of the love-gift."

And the Christmas Carols chimed lovingly all the dreamful night, not only in the hearts of the dwellers in the abode of plenty, but in the grateful hearts of those who sang carols while yet in darkness, and to whom the Lord of Christmas had sent his servant with a promise of help for their time of trouble. "*Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good-will toward man.*"—*The Little Corporal.*

"Behind the Mask."

A singular change has come of late over the face of Spring—which would be an old remark at this wintry, shivery time of the year if I meant the season instead of my dog. I have been a long while absent from the old house, and up on my return, this evening, the brisk brown tail that once gyrated in such a spasm of glad welcome, wagged a most feeble greeting. The dog bounded not as of yore to my very shoulder, nor wheeled about me in ecstatic circles. There was a welcoming wriggle still, but not the old, abandoned, unkempt fury.

But as the dear fellow sits yonder near the andirons, there is a tender look in his dark eye that tells me, quite as well as the former agony of joy, that his cup runneth over with the happiness of my coming back. His front is to the fire, but his small, fine head is cocked on one side, while he watches me with full content. And as I looked into that frank face of his, every line of which is as familiar to me as my own, I notice the change of which I spoke.

The hair upon his forehead is turning white, two lines of gray run down even to the point of the nose, and there is a look of age about his features—about his whole bearing indeed—that I never noticed before.

When one comes to think of it—as terriers go, Spring *is* an old dog. Many a summer has shed its leaves since we laid his mother in her narrow tomb—a queer little African circus-dog, she—about half Spring's size, and with hide as bare and smooth as an elephant's, save for the half-dozen gray hairs that stood erect on her head, imparting an air of wise and sprightly venerableness—and the scrimpy tuft at the end of her tail. And Spring's companions have likewise fallen away from him, one by one, leaving him to his solitary path and fireside—solitary save for human sympathy and cheer. Zoo was the last to go—that genial animal, the tradition of whose early corpulence still in thin old age hung about his shrunken sides, rendering every movement replete with dignified unwieldiness.

The strangest part of this change in Spring is the old-young look. He seems like a boy with his grandfather's spectacles and wig. I cannot reconcile the gray hairs and weary movements with the atmosphere of youth that remains. His young soul surely is masquerading in this ancient guise. But I can see through the domino, my dog! You may not know that you are wearing any—you wonder, I think, at the unwonted film over the clear vision, at the invisible bands that bind those lithe; and willing limbs.

What have the mutations of time, the chemic laws, to do with the souls of us? "He who loves is in no condition old. Spring, my dear fellow, do you love your master?

There, there! that will do, you rascal, —Down, I say! Down!

DRAINING LANDS.—Henry Taylor, an English farmer, who had drained many thousand acres of land, gave his view to the Farmers' Club on this subject. Draining should be deep, four feet at least; deeper would be better. On heavy lands, 20 feet apart would be proper; on lighter lands 66 feet might do. Draining lands infested with Couchgrass would rid them of that weed in two years. The soil should not be returned into the ditch in a wet state, or the drains would not act; the earth would consolidate, and he had known two years to elaspse before any benefit assured; while if the earth was dry when replaced the drains would act at once. Tiles should be large enough to carry off the water with facility. If full, the flow was retarded. The cost of draining in England was from $25 to $40 per acre.

The New York *Mail* asserts that "many fashionable ladies, who are partial to low-necked dresses and have not a pretty neck, wear a false neck of wax or alabaster, which, when a heavy necklace is worn with it, can hardly be detected from the real article."

Destruction of the Walrus.

A correspondent of the New Bedford *Standard* furnishes the following: For the past three or four years the North Pacific whaling fleet have been taking walrus in the months of July and August, as the whales in those months go into the ice and around Point Barrow, out of the reach of whalemen. During all the years from 1849 to 1867 the whalemen had let the walrus alone or taken a very few. In 1868 a few ships commenced taking walrus, and did quite well, securing from 200 to 600 walrus, and destroying half as many more. In 1869 a large number of ships were engaged in the business, but in 1870 the whole fleet (with two or three exceptions), "went in" and took all they could. Probably not less than 50,000 female walrus, with their young, were killed and destroyed. The past year three-fourths of the fleet were engaged in the business, but the walrus were shy and far into the ice, and they did not do as well. Shipmasters had to send their boats 20 and 25 miles to find them.

The Arctic walrus are nearly all females, who go into the Arctic in the Summer months to bring forth and nurse their young, which the mothers are very fond of and attached to. They will never forsake their young, but will take them in their flippers and hold them to their breasts, even when their destroyers are putting their sharp lances through and through them and the blood streaming from every side, uttering the most heartrending and piteous cries, and so until they die, and then the little ones must starve, unless the whaleman can thrust his lance through it and send it to the bottom. This is one of the most cruel occupations that I know of, and many a humane whaleman has felt guilty and turned aside as he did it. The walrus average about twenty gallons of oil and four pounds of ivory.

But the worst feature of the business is that the natives of the entire Arctic shores from Cape Thaddeus, in the Anadir Sea, to the farthest point North, a shore line of more than a thousand miles on the West Coast, with the large island of St. Lawrence, the smaller ones of Diomede and King's islands, all thickly inhabited, and our own coast of Northern Alaska, are now almost entirely dependant on the walrus for their food clothing, boats and dwellings. Twenty years ago whales were plenty and easily caught, but the whales have been destroyed and driven North, so that now the natives seldom get a whale. This is a sad state of things for them.

Several captains lately arrived home have told me that they saw the natives, 30 and 40 miles from land, on the ice, trying to catch a walrus to eat, and were living on the carcasses of those that the whalemen had killed.

How Caves are Formed.

It becomes an interesting question to find out how this subterranean system was made; for in so many cases a valley passes into a ravine, and that into a cave, that the cause which has formed one must have formed all. It requires but a cursory glance to see at once that running water was the main agent. The limestone is so traversed by joints and lines of shrinkage, that the water sinks rapidly down into its mass, and collects in small streams, which owe their direction to the dip of the water and the position of the fissures. These channels are being continually deepened and widened by the mere mechanical action of the passage of stones and silt. But this is not the only way in which the rock is gradually eroded. The limestone is composed in great part of pure carbonate of lime, which is indissolnble in water. It is, however, readily dissolved in any liquid containing carbonic acid, which is an essential part of our atmosphere, and is invariably present in the rain-water, and is given off by organic bodies. By this invisible agent, the hard crystalline rock is always being attacked in some form or other. The very snails that take refuge in its crannies leave an enduring mark of their presence in a surface fretted with their acid exhalations, which very often pass current among geologists for the borings of phelades, and are the innocent cause of much speculation as to the depression of the mountain-tops beneath the sea in comparatively modern times. The carbonic acid taken up by the rain is derived in the main from the decomposing vegetable matter which generally forms the surface soil on the limestone. Its effects are to be seen in a most marked degree in the bare, grey masses of rock termed "pavements," that stands out like *roches moutonnees* from the purple heather, and are worn and fissured into the strangest possible shapes. Sometimes the surface is made up of a number of sharp points that look like a sheaf of sword-blades; at others are ravines and caves in miniature; and very generally the strata are divided into a series of large angular blocks, which work with the greatest freedom. The minute fossil shells and fragments of crinoids standing out in bold relief testify that the agent which removed so much rock is chemical, not mechanical. This invisible agent is equally at work in the caves as well as above ground, everywhere attacking the surface, even out of reach of the streams. The endless varieties of stalactite and stalagmite are merely so much solid matter taken by it out of the rock, and re-deposited where the excess of carbonic acid in the water happens to be taken up by a free current of air. To it, then, as well as to the mechanical power of the stream, the formation and enlargement of caves must be assigned.

A Sleepless Secretary.

The following is told of Sir Evan Nepean, formerly under Secretary of State of Great Britain:

One summer night he was affected with an unaccountable sleeplessness, and, being quite weary of lying awake, he got up, dressed, and went out at three o'clock, A. M., strolling aimlessly, more from daily habit than anything else, down to the home office. Entering his private room, his eye caught the following entry in a memorandum book:

"A reprieve to be sent to coiners ordered for executionat York."

Although he knew that he had done his own part of the business, he was seized with a nervous uneasiness, fancying that perhaps the other people had not done theirs. The feeling was so strong upon him, that he called up the chief clerk in Downing street, who said he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

"But have you the receipt and certificate that it is gone?"

"No."

"Then let us go at once to his house in Chancery Lane."

They did so, and found him stepping into his gig for a holiday. He had forgotton the reprieve, and left it locked up in his desk. The fleetest express procurable was dispatched, and reached York just as the condemned man was entering the cart.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN IRELAND.—Carlton, one who knew the Irish peasants better than almost any one, describes the manner in which New Year's Eve is celebrated in the "Ould Country." "Here, in a snug barn, some old Milesians are dancing in the New Year in their own light-hearted way. Phelim, the merriest boy of them all, is trying to dance down Norah. Ould Barney, who has been a 'dark' these ten years, is scratching away his liveliest jigs for the glory and honor of the occasion; being cheered up at intervals with eggshells full of the finest 'potheen' to be found south of Innishowen. While dancing goes on in one part of the barn, in another, the older parties are seated, who are enjoying themselves with a pleasant game of cards, a glass or two of the right stuff, and their pipes." Oft during the evening, midst the fun and pleasantry prevailing, can be heard a merry voice exclaiming these cheerful words, "Erin go Bragh."

The Probate Court of Cincinnati has just decided that an attorney cannot receive compensation for partial or unfinished services; that he must go through with a case once undertaken, or surrender all pecuniary claims against his client. Also, that he cannot, without the consent of the client, transfer to another attorney a case intrusted to him.

UNITED STATES CONGRESS.

IN THE SENATE.

Bills were introduced appropriating $200,000 for the repayment of the duties collected on Russian hemp since Aug. 5, 1871, in excess of the rate levied and paid on Manilla hemp; amending the bankruptcy act; to encourage the laying of new telegraph cables; bill to facilitate specie payments. It provides that each National Bank shall, on the 1st of July, 1872, have on hand at least three per centum in gold coin of its aggregate amount of notes in circulation, and shall increase the amount of gold coin on hand three per centum every six months up to July 1st, 1874, making then 15 per centum; and thereafter shall keep its reserve in gold coin, instead of legal-tender notes, to the extent of its aggregate amount of notes in circulation. Laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

The Senate was occupied an entire day in discussing the caucus resolution for an investigating Committee, which was finally passed in an amended form.

A resolution was introduced that there be maintained in each State or Territory a system of free common schools, but neither the United States, State, Territory or municipal corporation shall aid in the support of any school wherein the peculiar tenets of any denomination shall be taught.

Mr. Sumner (Rep., Mass.) gave notice that at an early day he would offer a joint resolution providing that no person who has once held the office of President shall hold the same a second term.

Mr. Blair (Dem., Mo.,) offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Committee on Investigation and Retrenchment to inquire whether any Minister of the United States in any foreign country is engaged in any mining company and using his official position for the promotion of its interests, and if so, whether his doing so is compatible with his duties as such Minister.

IN THE HOUSE.

In one day in the House near one hundred bills were introduced. Among them were the following: To reduce internal taxes and abolish the office of Collector of Internal Revenue; to authorize the payment of 50 per cent. of customs duties in legal-tender notes; to punish bank, insurance, State and Government officials for bribery and corruption; changing the standard weight of silver coins, and limiting the amount of their issue; further to facilitate the immediate transportation of certain importations to the port of destination; granting ten pounds of lead to soldiers; regulating the mode of the payment of duties on imports; also to refund to judicial officers taxes on salaries collected from them under the income tax; to prevent cruelty to animals in transit by railroads; to prevent the appointment of dishonest and incompetent Government officials, and making the officers appointing, and the members of Congress recommending them, responsible for their misconduct; to abolish the export bonded warehouses for tobacco and snuff; also for the repeal of the special tax on manufacturers and dealers in tobacco and segars; to refund the cotton tax collected in 1865, 1866 and 1867; also, for a Government building in Nashville, Tenn.; to secure the public lands to actual seitlers under the Homestead and Pre-emption laws; for a preliminary survey for a ship canal from the southern point of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River, near the mouth of the Ohio; to legalize polygamist marriages in Utah, and to dismiss all criminal proceedings in Utah against polygamists; to amend the National Banking act; also, to repeal the Bankruptcy act; to prohibit contracts for servile labor; for the admission of Utah as a State.

Mr. Haldeman (Dem., Penn.) asked leave to offer a resolution expressing the profound regret of the House at learning of the angry severity with which the present Government, of which M. Thiers is President, has pursued the prisoners captured from the Government of the Commune at Paris.

Objection was made, when Mr. Haldeman moved to suspend the rules so that the resolution might be offered and adopted.

Mr. Cox (Dem., N. Y.) wished to offer an amendment condemning the atrocities of the Spanish Government, but the Speaker stated that no amendment was in order.

The House refused to suspend the rules—Yeas, 95; Nays, 86.

Bills were introduced repealing all statutes which forfeit the pensions of widows by reason of a second marriage; fixing the rate of internal tax on all kinds of manufactured tobacco at 16 cents per pound; regulating the mode of payment of customs duties and equalizing the value of Treasury notes; to extend the time within which applications may be made to refund the cotton tax.

Civil Service Reform.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19, 1871.

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

In accordance with the act of Congress approved March 6, 1871, I convened a Commission of eminent gentlemen to devise rules and regulations for the purpose of reforming the civil service. Their labors are now complete, and I transmit herewith their report, together with the rules which they recommend for my action. These rules have been adopted, and will go into effect on the 1st day of January, 1872. Under the law referred to, as I interpret it, the authority is already invested in the Executive to enforce these regulations, with full power to abridge, alter, or amend them at his option, when changes may be deemed advisable. These views, together with the report of the Commissioners, are submitted for your careful consideration, as to whether further legislation may be necessary in order to carry out an effective and beneficial civil service reform. If left to me, without further action of Congress, the rules prescribed by the Commission, under the reservation already mentioned, will be faithfully executed; but they are not binding on my successors without further legislation.

I ask for all the strength which Congress can give me to enable me to carry out the reforms in the Civil Service recommended by the Commissioners and adopted, to take effect, as before stated, on Jan. 1, 1872. The law which provides for the convening of a Commission to devise rules and regulations for reforming the Civil Service, authorizes, I think, the permanent organization of a primary board under whose general directions all examinations of applicants for public office shall be conducted. There is no appropriation to continue such a board beyond the termination of its present labors. I therefore recommend that a proper appropriation be made to continue the services of the present Board for another year; and, in view of the fact that three members of the Board hold positions in the public service, which precludes them from receiving extra compensation under existing laws, that they be authorized to receive a fair compensation for extra service rendered by them in the performance of this duty.

U. S. GRANT.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Dec. 19, 1871.

A NEW TERRITORY.—The bill introduced into Congress, by Mr. Ramsey, for the erction of the Territory of Ojibway, subtracts for that purpose so much of Dakota as lies north of 46 degrees north. The Missouri flows through the proposed territory, and the North Pacific Railroad will cross it. Before forming a territorial government, however, there ought to be somebody to be governed. With the exception of soldiers, Indian traders, and a few settlers in Chippewa, Stevens, and Shyenne countries, there are no inhabitants but Indians, in the northern half of Dekota. On account of the hostility of the Indians, the comparative poverty of the soil, and the detestable water, years will probably elapse before any important settlement is formed. The erection of a territorial government, is, under the circumstances, quite unnecessary.

SAD CASE.—Mr. C. Machant, who lost all of his property by the great fire, committed suicide in Chicago recently. He left a note filled with tender references to his mother, wife and children. His wife, who has been an invalid since the fire, became insane at the sight of her dead husband.

Antiquity of Man.

Professor Duncan, in addressing the British Association upon the principal geological changes which have occurred in Europe since the appearance of man, premised that no trace of man has been found associated with any deposits formed during the glacial period in Northern Europe. The earliest remains of man and his works, and of the beasts associated with him and hunted by him, rest below them. This was subsequent to the existence of man, since the mud and gravel produced by the grinding down of the mountain sides during this period, and its stratification over the plains, are found to cover the remains of man and his works; and, therefore, to be of a later epoch.

This second glacialization, and the arrangement of the wash, are suggested as forming a line of separation between the palæolithic period, when man used rude stone weapons, and the neolithic period, when smooth, polished instruments were manufactured; and, in general sense, marking the time when the great mammalia disappeared from the northern and western parts of Europe.

Among the principal geological changes which occurred after the appearance of man in Europe, our author enumerates the subsidence of an area of land which connected Sicily with Crete and Northern Africa north of the Sahara; the formation of the Straits of Gibraltar; the excavation of the valleys of Northern and Eastern France; the separation of the coasts of France and England, in the region about Dover and Calais, and that of the Isle of Wight from the main land; the formation of a great part of the British Channel; a considerable upheaval of the Scandinavian peninsula and Denmark; the uprise of the Desert of Sahara in Africa, after the second extension of the Alpine glacier.

Suicide Committed.

As the result of an inactive state of liver and stomach, producing headache, obtuse intellect, dullness, dispondency, dementia, and finally insanity, is no uncommon occurrence. All these disagreeable symptoms and bad feelings are most certainly dispelled by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It revitalizes and builds up the whole system. A little book on Chronic Diseases sent free. Address R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y. Golden Medical Discovery sold by all druggists. 377

The other day Molecule propounded the following to Atom: "A boy said to a gentleman, 'My father and mother have a daughter, but she is not my sister.' Now how do you explain that?" Atom reflected in vain and to his every suggestion received a negative reply, and was forced to give it up. "Why it's simple enough," said Molecule with an exasperating smile, 'the boy lied!'"

Do it—do what? Go to your grocer and buy a box of J. Monroe Taylor's Cream Yeast Baking Powder, and ever after you will have no other.

For Dyspepsia,

Indigestion, depression of spirits, and general debility in their various forms; also, as a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic, and as a tonic for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

IF WE can benefit the readers of this paper any by recommending *Parsons Purgative Pills* to be the best anti-bilious medicine in the country, we are willing to do so. We have had about as good a chance to know as any one.

FOUR EVILS.—Whoever habitually used any alcoholic preparations as an "appetizer" will be likely to suffer from four evils, viz.: an overplus of food in the stomach, impaired ability to digest it, the torture of dyspepsia, and a doctor's bill. DR. WALKER'S VEGETABLE VINEGAR BITTERS, the great Teetotal Restorative of the age, without over-stimulating the palate or irritating the stomach, imparts a healthful appetite, promotes digestion, regulates the liver and bowels, purifies the blood, and thus, instead of entailing four evils, confers four inestimable benefits.

MORE than 16,000 families, averaging five persons each, have applied for, and nearly all of them are still receiving aid in a greater or less degree from the Chicago Relief Committee.

FOR THROAT DISEASES and Affections of the chest, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," are of value. For Coughs, Irritation of the Throat caused by cold, or Unusual Exertion of the vocal organs, in speaking in public, or singing, they produce beneficial results.

WORTHY OF NOTE.—An exchange says there is scarcely a day passes that we do not hear, either from persons coming into our office or in some other way, of the success of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* in the cure of coughs and colds, so prevalent about town just now.

WESTWARD HO! Full particulars of a new colony now forming sent free. Address W. E. Page, No. 3 Bowling Green, New York city.

COLLINS & CO.'S CAST STEEL PLOWS only $8.00 each. For information how to obtain them address Collins & Co., 212 Water street, New York.

MR. CHARLES W. HASSLER, No. 7 Wall Street, New York, is the person you should write to if you wish to buy or sell any *Railroad Bonds*.

FINANCIAL.

Investment Securities.

JAY COOKE & CO., are now selling, and recommend as a profitable and safe investment for all classes, th- First Mortgage 7-30 Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, bearing Seven and Three-Tenths per cent. gold interest (more than 8 per cent. currency), and secured by first and only mortgage on the entire Road and equipments, and on more than 23,000 Acres of Land to every mile of track, or 500 Acres of Land to each $1,000 Bond. The highest current price will be paid for U. S. Five-Twenties, and all other marketable Securities received in exchange. Pamphlets, maps and full information, as well as the bonds themselves, will be furnished on application by JAY COOKE & Co., Philadelphia, New York and Washington, and by most Banks and Bankers throughout the country.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.

BEEF CATTLE—Prime to Ex. Bullocks	$	.11¼@ .13¾
First quality		.11 @ .11¾
Medium & ordinal		.10 @ .11
Ordinary Irish Cattle		.09 @ .10
Inf'r or lowest grade		.06 @ .09
MILCH COWS		30 @ 70
HOGS—Live		.07 @ .07¾
Dressed		.09 @ .10¼
SHEEP		.06 @ .07¼
COTTON—Middling		.19¾ @ .20¾
FLOUR—Extra Western		6.35 @ 6.70
State Extra		6.50 @ 6.75
WHEAT—Amber Western		1.65 @ 1.67
" State		1.67 @ 1.67
White Genesee Extra		1.60 @ 1.70
RYE—Western		.90 @ .93
BARLEY—State		.00 @ .00
CORN—Mixed Western		.78 @ .82
OATS—Western		.48 @ .50
PORK—Mess		13.50 @ 16.00
LARD		.9 @ .10
PETROLEUM—Crude		12½ Refined .24
BUTTER—State		.28 @ .38
Ohio W. R.		.